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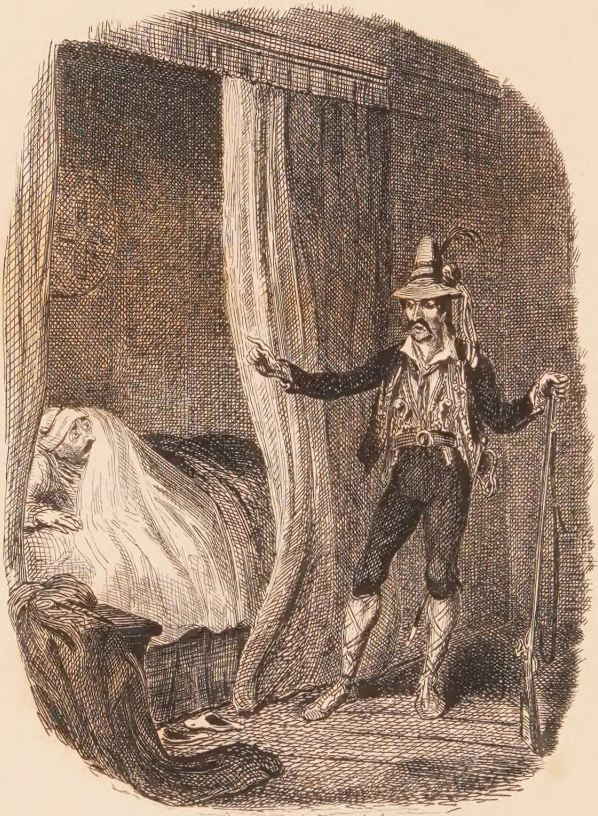
George Cruikshank fec

MINOR MORALS

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

ILLUSTRATED IN TALES AND TRAVELS.

BY

JOHN BOWRING.

WITH ENGRAVINGS, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND WILLIAM HEATH.

LONDON:
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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

MY WIFE AND CHILDREN,

BY

J. B.

Westminster,
January, 1834.

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PREFACE.

HAVING been engaged in the publication of a work which is intended to establish the principles of morality on what appears to me their only true and sure foundation, namely, their influence upon the happiness of mankind, it had often occurred to me that it would be rendering some service to those whose opinions will be the opinions of the coming generation, if the theory of genuine morals could be elucidated for the service of the young, by the blending of amusement and instruction.

And, in the attempt to accomplish so important a purpose, I felt encouragement from a frequently repeated observation of Mr Bentham's, that nothing is wanting for the establishment of sound opinions in all questions of right and wrong, but the determination to follow the consequences of actions into the regions of pain and pleasure. No better guide for judgment has, I believe, been ever proposed; and my conviction is as strong as it can be, that it is impossible to add to the stock of virtue without adding to that of felicity, or to increase the amount of felicity without increasing that of virtue.

With the exception of those illus-

trations which have been borrowed from history, most of the facts referred to belong to my own observation and experience; and I have the rather chosen to draw on such sources, from the conviction that the every-day wants of life afford to every man ample scope for the application of that standard of morality, whose universal recognition will, as I believe, be the characteristic of a new and better era.

This little volume is launched as an experiment. If welcomed, it will be followed by others, in which the Greatest Happiness Principle will be applied to a variety of other topics. My wish is to cover the whole field of thought and action with seeds which

appear to promise so fair, so rich a harvest. Whether the husbandman is worthy of his labor I know not, nor know I if the ground is ready for the scattering of the grain; but that it is destined to fill future fields with products of beauty and plenty I cannot doubt; and of the seeds I fling around me all will not assuredly fall in stony places, or be choked with nettles and briars.

J. B.

ANGER.

"Oh! see how that cruel fellow is beating his poor beast!" said Arthur Howard to his father and his brother George, as they were going out for an early country walk. Arthur's attention had been excited by a shabbily-dressed man who was belaboring a rough-coated, feeble and blind old horse, that was dragging, or rather attemping to drag, a cart with a heavy load of vegetables to market. The poor creature tried and tried, but could not get the wheels out of the rut in which they had stuck; and the driver, whose anger increased with the increased but vain attempts of the horse to move onward, was dealing

out his blows most unmercifully about the animal's legs and head, and swearing more loudly, and laying on more violently at every stroke. "What an abominable rascal!" exclaimed Arthur again. "I'll—I'll"—and away he scampered, almost as much in a passion as the man whom he was going to reprimand and to punish.

"Now see," said his father to George, "in what an unfit state Arthur is for doing a humane thing. He intends to act kindly and generously, but he will most likely make matters worse. He will only exasperate the man the more; and the poor beast will be the sufferer for his imprudence."

"What do you mean, you worthless vagabond!" cried Arthur when, out of breath and hardly able to find words for his rage, he came up to the carter. "What—what do

you mean by treating the poor horse so wickedly?"—"What do I mean, Mr Impertinent? *There*,—that's what I mean:" upon which he turned upon the silent and suffering creature with far greater violence than before, and smote him so ferociously that every blow made Arthur's heart shudder within him.

"And now, young gentleman! if you don't move off," said the man, "mayhap I may try how you like the stick upon your own shoulders, by way of teaching you how to meddle with other peoples' concerns."

Arthur was a boy of humane and generous dispositions, and he could not immediately see that he had done anything wrong by giving way to what he had perhaps thought, as many others would have thought, a natural and proper sentiment of indignation; yet he felt he must have made some mistake, for he had failed in his

purpose; and, with a spirit somewhat broken and subdued, he ran back to his father and his brother.

"Well, my boy!" were the first words he heard from his father; "and what have you got by throwing yourself into such a towering passion?"—"How could I help it, papa! when I saw that man's frightful cruelty?"—"But has your passion been of any service to you, Arthur? Did it help you to persuade the cruel man, or to rescue the suffering beast? You intended to do what was humane, I know; but you set about it rashly. Your anger was more violent than your reason. You were more bent upon punishing than preventing an offence; and, though you proposed to do good, you have only done evil."

"But tell us, papa!" said George, whose temper was more sedate, and whose judgment

more cool than his brother's, "is anger never justifiable—never commendable? Must one see all sorts of wicked and improper conduct, and not be angry with it? I have often heard indignation called generous, and anger virtuous. Are they never so?"

"Never, my son! for what is anger? It is pain—pain inflicted on yourself; by which you are excited to inflict pain on another. It may be necessary to inflict pain on another for that other's good, and for the good of society; but your being angry is just the way to prevent you from properly judging what pain, and how much pain it is right to inflict in order to produce that good. Now, if Arthur, instead of breaking out into a storm of passion, had first considered what he really meant to do, which was to induce that ignorant man to refrain from misusing that unfortunate beast, he would have prevented

three mischiefs—the mischief of being in a passion, with all its pains, annoyances, and disappointments; the mischief to the animal, which has only suffered the more from his interference, and the mischief to the carter, whom he has but exasperated the more, and, perhaps, strengthened in his vicious propensities."

The lesson was borne in mind, and as is the case with all good and useful lessons, an early opportunity was found of applying it to practice.

The morning walk was continued. It was a great delight for the lads to ramble into the fields with their father soon after break of day; and such walks were the frequent rewards of their good behaviour the day before. On such occasions, Mr Howard was accustomed to talk to them on all the subjects of their studies, and to make it his invariable rule to tell them something they had not heard before; for he had

travelled much, and studied much, and, what was best of all, his travels and his studies, and all his thoughts, had been always busied in making others happy.

Of course he was universally loved; for it is but natural we should love those who do us kind services, and there is no service so kind as that of making us happy.

He talked to his boys of the beauties of nature that surrounded them, and showed them in what a wonderful variety of ways beauty is a source of pleasure. He bade them listen to the songs of the birds, to the fall of the waters, to the thousand sounds of the earth and air,—teaching them how each added something to the great account of living happiness. When the wind blew in their faces, or the sun shone on their foreheads, or the frost bit the ends of their fingers, he told them how each

administered to man's enjoyment. If the air was fragrant with the flowers of spring, or the sweet hay of summer, he explained to them how the organs of smell were made subservient to the same great end; and as they looked upon the different tribes of busy creatures partaking of the various food presented to them by their Maker's munificence, he pointed out how numerous their pleasures; how perpetually renewed, how marvellously provided for, how infinitely spread: "See," said he, "the great purpose of Providence; the general lesson of creation—happiness!"

And the thought again came over Arthur's mind, that anger never made anybody the happier.

They returned homeward. Their walk had been long; longer than usual. Whom should they meet, but the cartman who had excited

so much of Arthur's indignation a few hours before! He had delivered his cart-load to the market gardener, and was walking sulkily by the side of his cart, every now and then giving the poor horse a heavy stroke with his stick. The horse, however, being now relieved of his burthen, moved on with something like activity. The man no sooner saw Arthur approaching, than, as if in pure spite and contradiction, he struck his beast a vehement blow upon his nose. But Arthur had learnt wisdom; and his father was charmed to see that he was struggling to check the outbreak of his anger. He, however, went to the carter, who began to scowl at him as he approached, expecting, no doubt, another violent scolding. But Arthur had found out his mistake. The man perceived the difference, and his own looks changed as Arthur said to him, in a quiet and gentle tone,

"I spoke to you improperly this morning; I am sorry for it." The man did not give the horse another blow; and once or twice, as George and Arthur turned round to watch what was going on, which they did very cautiously indeed, they saw the carter kindly patting his poor beast upon the back, and heard him singing, in the distance, a good-humored song.

COURAGE.

In the evening George and Arthur went into their father's library, to give an account of the school business of the day. "I have been reading," said George, "such an interesting story in Livy, where he tells of the courage and devotedness of the young Curtius. What a fine example of patriotism, papa!" But Arthur had not read the Roman historian, and George was called upon to describe the event, which he did in the following words:—"It was between three and four hundred years before the Christian era, when a large gap suddenly opened in the forum at Rome. The people were affrighted, and consulted the oracles as to the meaning of so alarming a catastrophe.

The oracles answered, that the gap would not close until the greatest treasures of Rome were flung into it. Upon this a young Roman, whose name was Curtius, asked his countrymen whether they possessed any treasures so great as their weapons and their courage. They acknowledged they had none, and the young Curtius clad himself in full armour, mounted his horse, plunged into the chasm, and perished. The people gathered round, and poured offerings of flowers and fruits after him into the void, which soon closed over him. But can the story be true, papa?"—"The probability is, my boys, in this, as in other instances, where miraculous events are spoken of by the classical historians, that a portion of truth* is the groundwork upon

* Livy has the candor to confess, that he sometimes records the impressions of a credulous age, and excuses himself if, in speaking of the past, his mind is under the influences produced by the tone of ancient days. xliii. 15.

which a fable has been raised; but, in this case, it does not seem very difficult to separate the facts from the fictions. It appears to me most likely that Curtius was destroyed by one of the great earthquakes which have so frequently visited Italy, and sometimes changed the character of the surface of the country. Curtius was perhaps some young man distinguished for his rank and his virtues, who perished with his armour on, while assisting the citizens during the sufferings created by such an event. His name and deeds were kept alive in the memory of generations till, in progress of time, they were associated with that fabulous decoration which now accompanies them. Another historian (Festus) speaks of the place where the chasm was, as having been covered with water, and being called the *Curtius Lacus*—and it is very likely that a lake would be the result of the changes which an earthquake would produce.

"Was it not, if true, a very brave and heroic action, papa? Was not his courage very praiseworthy? Do you think in these days so much of self-devotion would be found?" inquired George.

"I say yes! to all your questions, George. The action was courageous; was praiseworthy; and I believe, if needful, imitators would not now be found wanting; I do not think any real virtue has diminished in the world, and I am sure some virtues have greatly increased.

"I am glad," continued Mr. Howard, "you have introduced the subject, for I wished to show you that courage is not *always* a virtue, and therefore not always worthy your admiration or your applause. If it is not useful for some good purpose, it has nothing in it to deserve approval. The courage of a bad man may be exceedingly vicious; the timidity of a good man may be pre-eminently virtuous,

Courage only enables a man to subdue difficulties; but the difficulties may be in the way either of his wisdom or his folly.

"I will give you a few examples, and you shall tell me whether courage is always intitled to praise; and you will try to distinguish between the courage that is virtuous and that which is not so.

"During my travels in Spain, I fell in with a famous bandit chieftain, whose name was Jayme Alfonso; a man whose adventures were far more romantic and marvellous than those of either the English freebooter, Robin Hood, or the Scotch mountaineer, Rob Roy. Jayme was brave, but not cruel: and I say this, because some writers have hastily and thoughtlessly said, that no brave man was ever cruel. But, my boys! there have been many men very brave and very cruel. It happens that people get into their heads a notion that courage is a virtue—

always a virtue; so, when they find men committing cruel acts, they deny these men's courage, though their courage is really as remarkable as their cruelty. This comes from the confused notions that the world is filled with, as to what is virtue and what not. Jayme was one of the most courageous men I ever knew or heard of. He was daunted by no dangers. He seemed never to think of his privations. He lived, year after year, amidst the rocks and the forests; and sometimes, for whole months, entered no human habitation. It was his custon to order his band to disperse at sunset, and he invariably fixed on some place for their meeting at break of day. Jayme, however, had many virtuous qualities; and when the remembrances of the past came over him, when he thought of the days of his youth and his innocence, regrets and penitence sometimes broke out in tears. I had, when in Spain,

a muleteer for a servant, who told me that a brother of his, a boy who had wandered away from Crevillente, the birth-place of Jayme, once saw a man sitting on a rock, hanging over a stream, weeping bitterly. He soon found from his dress, appearance, and the number of weapons he wore, that it was Jayme the robber, and, being much alarmed, took to his heels and ran away. But Jayme summoned him back, seized him by the hand, and inquiring his name, told him he knew his family, and that they were honest people, and that he hoped the boy would be honest too; 'for I,' he said, 'am Jayme el Ladron, and very wretched am I indeed! Yet I was once as innocent and as happy as you.'

"But I was about to tell you an instance of Jayme's courage. The governor of Crevillente had been long in search of Jayme and his band. They had done so many kind things to the

peasantry; they had provided food for the necessitous in the time of a dearth, and had so frequently relieved them with the money they had plundered from travellers, that Jayme was popular throughout all the district, and not a villager or cottager would betray him or his companions. A regiment of soldiers had been for years kept marching and countermarching in pursuit of Jayme, who had often surprised them, and had even carried away some of the officers to his mountain haunts; and on one occasion, where a Lieutenant had been wounded and left for dead in a skirmish with the bandits, Jayme took him to some of the deepest solitudes of the neighbourhood, cured him of his wounds, and conducted him safely to the main road which led to the town of Crevillente. Jayme's mother lived in that town. She was a respectable person, independent, though not wealthy; and one day

the Governor, exasperated with Jayme's long resistance, and weary of his own vain attempts to capture him, ordered Jayme's mother to be arrested, thrown into prison, and levied a heavy fine upon her, declaring she should not have her liberty till she divulged the hiding place of her son. She could not have done this, if she would; for Jayme never communicated to her any of his proceedings; so that the conduct of the Governor was alike useless, unjust, and cruel.

"The next day—it was before the sun had arisen, a stern-faced man, with a rifle in his hand, and several pistols in his belt, his bare legs girded with the chickweed sandals worn by the Valencian peasantry, and clad in one of those button-covered vests whose arms hang over the shoulders, and often entangle themselves with the many-colored ribands that float from the band of the sombrero (hat); a stern-faced

man appeared at the gate of the Governor's abode, and said he came on matters of extreme urgency, and must have an instant audience of his Excellency. His presence awed the guard; and supposing perhaps that he was a messenger of the government, he was allowed to enter, and without saying a word he marched straight to the Governor's bed room, who was still asleep. Shutting the door he stood erect at the foot of the bed, aroused the Governor, and said in a loud voice: 'I am Jayme the robber, and am answerable for my own deeds. You have taken a poor old woman: she was helpless; she is innocent. You have extorted money from her; you have thrown her into prison. Now hear me:—the sun has not yet risen: if before that sun sets, the money is not restored, and the prison doors opened, in the grave I have ordered to be dug for you you shall be buried. I am Jayme the robber!' He left

as he had entered, unmolested; but the Governor knew so well the firmness and determination of Jayme, that he ordered the money to be paid back, and the prisoner to be released; and the circumstances were related to me on the spot soon after they occurred."

"This was indeed courage, papa!" exclaimed Arthur; "was it virtuous courage?"—"No doubt it was, Arthur; for it checked injustice, rescued innocence, and gave a lesson to the Governor he would not soon forget."

"And will you teach us, papa! how we may know when courage is really a virtue, and when it is not?"

"Yes!" said Mr Howard. "I will first give you a rule for judging not only of courage but of every other quality, whether or not they are virtues; and then I will mention another example or two in illustration.

"I have told you that a coward is not

necessarily bad, nor a brave man necessarily good. Courage, like other dispositions, may be applied to wicked purposes; it may be injurious to the courageous person, and injurious to others. If courage make men less happy, if it expose them to useless risks and annoyances, if it injure the comforts or destroy the property of others,—it is not a virtue, but a vice. Guided by prudence and by benevolence, courage is virtuous; but if it is not directed by these, it may be quite the contrary.

"Have you heard of Sebastian Cabot, one of the earliest and most adventurous among maritime discoverers? In 1526, he sailed for South America. He had only two countrymen with him; and the jealousy of the Spanish captains immediately under him broke out into open disaffection. A clamour was raised among the crews, which menaced not only his

own life, but the safety of the whole expedition. Cabot was almost a stranger among them, disliked because a stranger, and not less misrepresented than disliked. Mendez was second in authority; Rojas and Rodas two of the captains in command; and these three men were the leaders in that insubordination which was on the point of breaking out into mutiny. Cabot's energy and courage were equal to the occasion. He seized on Rojas, placed him, with Mendez and Rodas, in a boat which conveyed them to shore. 'The effect,' says the historian, 'was instant.' Discord vanished, and for five years of service through which the expedition passed, full as they were of toil, privation, and peril, we hear not the slightest murmur; on the contrary, everything indicates the most harmonious action and the most devoted fidelity.'* Now this was an instance

* Memoirs of Cabot; p. 138-139.

of courage; this was prudence; this was virtue. And you will find a thousand such in the history of intrepid and virtuous men.

"There is, in some of the towns of Germany, an institution which exhibits the most exalted courage, united with the most praiseworthy benevolence. At Hamburg, for example, there are certain men, chosen for their known intrepidity, whose office it is to rescue human beings from dangers. To be so chosen is deemed one of the highest honors that can be conferred by their fellow-citizens. They wear a peculiar uniform, are found in certain stations of the city, and bear the name of Menschenretter, or men-savers. In cases of fire, or flood, or other public calamities, it is their special business to rescue human beings from the perils that surround them. Others may be occupied with the preservation of property, *their* concern is with human life alone, and the instances

of heroic self-exposure which I have heard of show how much of courageous virtue there is in the world, and what an extraordinary power the good opinion of our fellows has to excite it. There is not one of these Menschenretter who has not often exposed his own life, and often saved others from destruction. Even before the honorable title is conferred, many are the efforts of self-devotion to obtain it. They have been known to force their way through the raging flames, and to have rescued infants in the highest stories of houses when the roof was falling in, and after the staircases had been consumed. It is not long ago that one of the most distinguished of the Menschenretter, a celebrated mathematical instrument-maker at Hamburg, made a desperate attempt to save a fellow-creature in a building that was being rapidly consumed by fire. He failed —the flames had made too much progress—

roof, beams, all fell in: he was buried in the ruins. His mutilated corpse was afterwards found; it was exposed in the market place to the grateful gaze of ten thousands of the people. It was remarked, that though the body was terribly mutilated, the features were scarcely changed. They were calm and serene, as if in sleep. The Menschenretter had often been heard to say, 'There are two ways, in either of which I desire to die: in the exercise of my office, or surrounded by my friends." Both wishes may be said to have been fulfilled in one, for multitudes of friends witnessed his heroism and deplored his fate. All admired, all wept; and they followed him with solemn hymns to his grave.

"Here, my boys, was courage! Here was benevolence! Here was virtue!"

"We understand, we understand," exclaimed Arthur and George, at the same time. "You

need not tell us now what the courage is that is *not* virtue!"

"Good night, lads! Mamma and Edith will be of our party to-morrow."

GENEROSITY.

Mrs Howard returned the following day, accompanied by Miss Edith, and great was the joy, and great the greeting on their arrival; for Edith, who was a special favorite and an only sister, had been very ill, and was now come back from a visit to the sea shore, where her health had been improved; and she clapped her hands for very joy as she entered the doors, first clasping her papa and then her brothers round the neck, and then running about wildly, and then coming back again, and asking a thousand questions, and leaping and dancing, and forgetting everything but her own happiness. And her parents looked at her with smiles of pleasure, and the boys laughed aloud

at her antics, till at last, tired out with enjoyment, she sat herself down on a stool at her mamma's feet. "O dear! dear!" she said—"What a nice thing it is to be at home again!"

It was near the time for school. Mr Howard took his hat and went out to his business, and the two boys having again kissed their young sister, tripped away light-hearted to their lessons.

"You said, mamma! that when we came home, you would talk to me about that generous little girl who gave money to all the beggars, as we rode along. Was it not very kind and very good?"

"I dare say it seemed so to you, Edith; and yet the money which that little girl so carelessly threw away, might have been much better employed."

"Better employed, mamma! I thought there could be no better employment than charity."

"By charity, I suppose you mean doing good, love! And what if the money so spent instead of doing good does harm?"

"Can that possibly be, mamma! Can there be harm in assisting the poor?"

"There can be no harm in assisting the poor, Edith, if you do them real services; but there may be much harm in acting without any consideration as to the consequences of what you do."

"But are not the consequences the relief of their wants, mamma? And is it not right to relieve them; and ought not we to show pity towards the distressed: and to help them as far as we can?"

"We ought, my dear, to do whatever we can to relieve and remove distress; but in order to do so we must always ask ourselves how we can relieve it—most speedily and most effectually. And, that you may judge for yourself, and

understand my meaning, I will tell you the difference between the person who gives money prudently and usefully, and the person who does not. Money is given to the poor for the relief of some want; but suppose it creates more wants than it relieves; or for the cure of some misfortune—now fancy that it produces more misfortune than it cures? Certainly it would be wrong to give the money. The want of prudence and of providence among the poor cannot be provided against, unless they suffer something for their neglect. It is often for their own interest that they should suffer. If I punish you for a fault, it is not because I have any pleasure in punishing you, and seeing you suffer, but because I know, unless you are made to suffer, you will not try to correct the fault. If a poor person were as well, or better off, by his laziness or his drunkenness, than he would be by his industry and his temperance, he would

have a stronger motive to do wrong than to do right. You must always try to give to people reasons or motives for doing right. Suppose one boy works hard, very hard, in the fields, and at the end of the weary day gets sixpence for his labor, and there is another idle beggar-boy who gets a shilling without work, by merely asking alms of travellers, the bad boy will be twice as well recompensed as the good boy, and every penny you have given the bad boy is an encouragement to his idleness and his beggary. I have seen a little girl who hunted for mushrooms all the day long. She was then a pattern of neatness and industry; she went into the fields and was as diligent and as busy as could be; and, in the evening, if she had earned two or three pence by the sale of her mushrooms, she was as pleased as possible. But, one evening, when she was coming home from her walks, and

very tired indeed she was, she saw a girl of about her own age who asked charity from a lady in a fine carriage; and the lady threw her a shilling, and said to her in a very kind tone:—'There, poor child!' Upon which the little girl who had been used to gather up pennies, and two-pences, and three-pences, by her own industry, said to herself:—'Why do I lead this weary life? Why do I go trudging away through field and field, and after all can only get a few halfpence for all my toils and travels? I will turn beggar too.' And so she did; and she lost her good habits, and took to bad ones. The clean and diligent child was no longer to be seen hunting for mushrooms in the field. She became a practised beggar, and at last an insolent one, and then grew careless about right and wrong—and invented stories about her sufferings that were untrue, and ended by committing crimes,

for which she was transported to a distant land; and sorrowful indeed it was, to recall the time of her childhood, when she gathered mushrooms in the green fields. Now you must not think that the lady who gave the shilling to the beggar-girl *intended* to act amiss. She thought she did a generous thing, and it *was* generous to give a shilling to a poor child, but it was very mischievous; and thus you see, that to be generous is not quite the same as to be wise and good."

"May not money be sometimes generously and usefully given?" asked Edith, who looked a little perplexed, and who before her mamma's lesson began had been thinking that she would spend *all* her money among the poor beggars who accosted her. Edith had indeed been much fascinated by the smiles with which all the beggars looked upon her *generous* young companion, and thought how very delightful it

would be, if she could hear addressed to herself the same words which had been used to her fellow-traveller: "God bless you, sweet young lady! A pleasant journey to you, and thank your goodness!" But her mother's conversation had brought many new thoughts into her mind, and she therefore timidly inquired whether money might not sometimes be generously and usefully given.

"Yes, indeed love!" answered Mrs Howard, "and to enable you to give it generously and usefully, you must give it *prudently*."

Nor was an occasion long wanting: for while they were talking a servant came in, and said that a sad accident had just happened in front of the house. A waggon-load of timber was passing, and one of the beams, not having been carefully fastened, had slipped off, and had fallen upon a crippled man who was crossing the road, and was supposed to have done

him serious injury. Mrs Howard hastened to the spot, and was followed by Edith. They soon found that the poor man's leg was broken: "We must immediately send for a surgeon," said Mrs Howard to Edith. "You may be *generous* now."

And Edith saw at once that there had been no fault on the part of the man, and that she could do no harm to him nor to anybody else by her liberality: so she ran in and despatched a servant for a surgeon, and she asked to be allowed to pay, out of her own pocket money, the expenses of the poor man's cure.

Happy was the evening when the family were all gathered together. Edith told her brothers of the sights she had seen at the sea —of the pleasure she had in playing with the waves—how they rushed up the sloping shore —broke into white foam, and then ran back again to meet the advancing tide. She told

them how the waters rolled the pebbles one over another till all their sharp points were made round—how she had seen the sea-gulls float on the surface—the ships with their white sails in the distance, and the fishermen arriving with their boats full of mackerel, shining like bright silver and emeralds in the sun. She told them how high the waves rose at the time of the full moon, and how low the neap-tides sank—how the sea-birds flew aloft in the calm weather—and how, when the storms were coming on, they hovered close upon the top of the surges. "And the waves never rest," she said; "but splash and splash, and rise and fall, all the night and all the day long, as if they could never be tired.

"But I must tell you, Arthur, of the accident we have had to-day." And though Arthur had heard it all from the servants, on his return from school, he let the talkative

little girl rattle on, and recount, in her own way, the story of the poor man whose leg had been broken.

She said nothing, however, of the part she had taken in the business—nothing of her own good deeds—nothing even of the conversation with her mamma about liberality and charity.

"And don't you think, Edith," said Mrs Howard to her, "that you could now explain the difference between generosity and true goodness?" Edith blushed, and answered,—"I have been thinking, mamma, that generosity is very like the jack-daw in the fable, strutting about in borrowed feathers, and making a great clatter about merits that are not its own!"

INTOLERANCE.

"THERE was a very droll dispute at school to-day, papa!" said George: "one boy insisted that a Latin verse was written one way in the original, another declared it was written another way: the quarrel became so hot that we expected it would have ended in blows; when one of the bigger boys recommended that each should bring his book; and it was found that each had quoted the passage correctly from his own copy, but they had different editions, and the text was different."

"It was," said Mr Howard, "only a small display of that intolerance of which there are too many great exhibitions in the world. Each boy thought himself right, and had

good reason for thinking so; but there was not the same reason for thinking the other wrong. He had seen his own book with his own eyes, and had, therefore, very sufficient evidence for himself; but he could not know what evidence the other had had. Hence the folly of expecting everybody to think as we think. They will think as we think, if the same reasons are given to them, and if those reasons influence them as they influence us. If they have other reasons unknown to us, or if our reasons appear to them not to warrant our opinions, they *cannot* think as we think: it is impossible, and there is no help for it.

"But what ought to be helped, and ought to be avoided, is our attempting to punish others because they do not see as we see, or think as we think. This is persecution.

"When I was in Lisbon, I was accompanied

by a Monk to the church of St Anthony. You have heard, perhaps, that the armorial bearings of that beautifully-situated city are a vessel dismasted, but guided through the waters by two crows, one seated on the prow and the other on the stern of the ship. The device is in honor of a miracle said to have been wrought in favour of St Anthony, the patron saint of the Tagus, who, when at sea, sailing on a mission to the heathen, fancied himself lost: for all the crew of the vessel in which he sailed had perished of plague, and he was left, wholly ignorant of navigation, to the mercy of the waves. In his despair he knelt down to pray, when he saw two black-pinioned birds descend from heaven, one of which seized the rudder, and the other perched on the bow of the ship: by these he was safely conducted to Portugal. And among the majority of the Portuguese there is no more doubt of the

miracle than of the ordinary events of which they have been witnesses themselves."

"Did you believe the story, papa?" inquired Edith.

"By no means: and, though I never said anything which should show that I felt contempt for the credulity of the Portuguese, yet I have no doubt they considered me somewhat heretical."

"'Come,' said the Monk; 'come with me to the Igreja de São Antonio, and I will give you such evidence as shall be irresistible.' We walked together under the magnificent arches of the church,—between avenues of pillars, on many of which the miracles of the Saint were recorded, and we reached a narrow staircase at the foot of the tower. 'Follow me,' said the Monk, 'and fear not.' I ascended after him the long, long-winding stone steps, the darkness of the way being only lighted by distant gleams

which broke through the narrow interstices left in the thick walls, and on reaching the top, the Monk pointed out a huge cage, it was as large as an ordinary sized room, in which were two enormous black crows, gravely seated on a metal bar. 'Look there, Senhor,' said the Monk, and bowed his head reverently before the crows; 'those are the identical birds which brought St Anthony hither. And do you doubt the miracle now?'

"I doubted, and did not doubt the less in consequence of what I saw. And why did I doubt, Edith?"

"I suppose, papa, because you did not think they were the *real* crows that brought St Anthony to Lisbon."

"Even so, my love; and I did not believe that St Anthony had been brought to Lisbon by crows at all; and the attempt to convince

me that the two crows were still living, and had lived for many hundreds of years, was one difficulty more to believe, and not one difficulty less.

"The Monk's reasoning was what logicians call 'begging the question.' He took for granted, the very thing to be proved, that St Anthony had been escorted by the crows, and then fancied that his telling me the crows I saw were the real crows, was to weigh down all my experience of the habits of the animal, all my knowledge of natural history, and the very natural reflection, that it was much more likely there should be a succession of crows provided by the Monk and his brethren, as the old ones died, than that a perpetual miracle should be wrought in order to prove the truth of a very improbable story. Besides, I saw that the crows were richly and regularly fed,

and I might have asked him why, if the crows were miraculously preserved, all the expenses of nourishing them were not saved?"

"And did you not tell him, papa, that you could look through the whole of the imposture?" said George. "Did you not tell him that he was a rogue, and that you were not to be duped by his roguery?"

"Softly, my impatient boy; that would neither have been prudent nor courteous; it would have done neither me, nor him, nor anybody any good. No good to me, for I should have been exposed to some danger: the Monk would have looked upon me with hatred, because my expression of incredulity would have implied contempt for his opinions, or distrust of his honesty and veracity; it would have done him no good, for it was his interest to persist in the fraud, and as to *the facts* of the case, he knew more about them than I

did; and no good to anybody else, for nobody else was present. But it may do good *now* to you and to others, for to others you may tell the story, as I may tell it to others.

"My purpose in telling the story was not to excite your scorn or dislike towards the Monk, who, though he could not believe, against the knowledge he had, that those identical crows really escorted St Anthony up the Tagus, may have believed that St Anthony *was* escorted by crows. I did not wish you to be angry with the Monk, or the Monk's tale, but I wished to ask you two questions. If I had really *desired* and tried to believe the story, *could* I have done so, in spite of myself?"

"No, indeed, papa, that would have been impossible," said all the children at once; "you would not have been so foolish."

"And if I could not have believed it, even

though I wished to believe it, could I do so because the Monk, or any other person, wished me to believe it?"

"Oh no! no!" they all repeated again and again.

"Well then, my children, the lesson I wished to teach you is this:—Never be angry with any person, merely because his opinion is not your opinion; never be angry because you cannot persuade him to change his opinion; and above all, never do him an injury, or hesitate about doing him a good, because his opinions and yours are different. Nobody can believe what he likes, however he may try to do so; at all events, if he hears all that is to be said on all sides of a question. Still less can anybody believe according to the likings of others. Where you doubt, inquire. In your own opinions seek nothing but truth, because truth, after all, is the great thing. In

your conduct to others, be guided by the rule that you should never cause useless pain. In the minds of the best men there is, always has been, and always, perhaps, will be, much difference of opinion as to what is *true*, but everybody knows and feels what is *kind*; and truth itself is most likely to be found when it is sought for by tolerance and benevolence."

ADVICE-GIVING.

"I CAN'T understand Plato, papa! His fine words are without meaning to my mind," said George. "He says that all truth and science is in recollection; but we can only recollect what we know. And you, papa, have always taught us to observe, and to inquire, and to gather up knowledge from all around us; but Plato says all knowledge is in ourselves. Do you think the ancient philosophers understood the science of morals as well as the moderns?"

"Assuredly not," answered Mr Howard: "we have the experience of many generations to add to their experience. Plato lived at a period when it was the fashion to treat the

great majority of human beings with contempt. He owns that his morality was not intended for universal use. It was too sublime for those whom he called the vulgar. But Christianity teaches us to regard all men as our brethren, and no system of morality can be really good which is not fitted for mankind.

"In those days the many were slaves to the few, and, as was natural, the few treated the many with scorn and insolence. They called them a base and unlettered herd, and seemed to consider them as belonging to a different race: they were, indeed, in many respects, worse off than the poor Blacks in the West India Islands. Nothing gives a meaner notion of the doctrines of what is denominated the Academic school, than their carelessness about the happiness of all but themselves, and the contumelious manner in which they put forth their opinions.

"To give advice to others, prudently and benevolently, is one of the lessons I would have my children learn. On this subject there are, among the distichs of Cato, some very admirable counsels, which I should like them to commit to their memory, and they will serve to illustrate what I have to say.

> 'Submit thy tongue to virtue's discipline,
> For well-judged silence is a gift divine.'*

Therefore do not intrude advice, unless you are sure it will be useful. If it is likely to irritate, and do not improve the person to whom it is addressed, restrain yourself from giving it. Your silence in such case will be a 'well-judged silence.'

"Give no advice which is injurious to yourself. This also is the counsel of Cato.

* 'Virtutem primam esse puta, compescere linguam,
Proximus ille Deo est, qui scit ratione tacere.'

'Injuring thyself, if others thou condemn,
Well may they deem that thou wilt injure them.'*

And a serious injury to yourself it will be, if you give advice that is ill-timed, intrusive, or unbecoming. Advice-giving assumes superiority, and the right to give it must only be used where the good to be done is undoubted.

"If you give advice, give it benevolently. Do not mingle censure with it, for censure will exasperate: speak always in the tones of kindness, never of anger,—

'For ire brings hatred; concord nurtures love.'†

Besides, we must moderate our accusations of others, for we are not, ourselves, free from blame.

* 'Sperne repugnando tibi tu contrarius esse,
Conveniet nulli qui secum dissidet ipsi.'

† 'Ira odium generat, concordia nutrit amorem.'

'He will be slow to censure others, who
Feels he is bare to others' censure too.'*

"And now, having given you so much of morals without a story, I will tell you a story of which you shall find the moral.

"In a country that had never been visited by man, a stream broke forth from the mountain side, and ran dancing into the valley. At every step it sparkled with joy, and sang, delighted, a perpetual song to every flower that it passed, to every bush and every tree that grew near it. And the flowers breathed sweet odours above it, and the trees gratefully lowered their branches, and often the little birds, having bathed themselves in its sprightly waters, sat on the shrubs which were closest to the current, and tried to excel one another in the boldness and the variety of their music.

* 'Si vitam inspicias hominum, si denique mores,
Cum culpes alios, nemo sine crimine vivit.'

Over the stream the lark loved to soar, and to look down from the heavens, that he might see his reflection on the surface. The kingfishers built their nests upon its banks, and lulled themselves to sleep with its dulcet murmurs. The place was like a little paradise, and had been so for ages. The stream could not remember that it had ever had cause to grieve; it had seen ever-new generations of flowers, and, watered by its care, they constantly increased in number, and lost nothing in beauty. The change of seasons did not interfere with its pleasures. The rain added to its strength and usefulness, brought news from the clouds, or from the neighboring hills whence the rivulets came with their contributions; the sunshine brightened its face with silvery light. In the day-time it talked with all the living creatures that surrounded it. In the night the moon and stars would often

visit it, and dance upon its dancing wavelets. In the storm it only lifted up its voice more loudly, to keep harmony with the great concert around. In truth, it was a happy stream, and seemed to have the art of diffusing happiness all about its neighborhood.

"One day, an unusual noise was heard. The stream looked up, and saw a large black creature hovering over it. 'Who can this new visitor be?' whispered the stream to a blue-bell that had been just singing the day-break hour as it was wont to do, in order to wake a beautiful green lizard that slept in a bed of moss only a few steps away from the flower. 'Indeed, I don't know,' said the blue-bell; 'but I will ring the louder, that I may rouse my neighbor and send him off to the king-fisher who is more of a traveller than I, and who can perhaps tell us something about the stranger.' So when the lizard woke, and had

washed himself as usual in the good-natured stream, away he ran to the kingfisher's abode to ask what the black monster could be that had come with his discordant voice to trouble the peace of the place. The kingfisher said he had seen in his journey black beetles, and black crows, and black cats, and black whales; but which of these it was the lizard could not tell him, so he said he would come and look for himself. He put his gay feathers in order, which had been rather ruffled by the lizard's intrusion, and then shot away, like an arrow, to the place where the monster was.

"But before he arrived, he heard him croaking in the most ill-natured and insolent tone, and abusing the favorite stream in a way that seemed quite shocking to the poor kingfisher, who observed, as he went along, that all the flowers were hanging their heads, or turning away from the black creature's abuse.

He saw, too, that the lark had flown up to the clouds, in order to be out of hearing, and that there was a general commotion amidst all the inhabitants of the happy region. And when he listened, these were the words he heard:—

"'Cease that noise, thou everlasting babbler! Canst thou not stop tormenting us with thine incessant tongue? Here, ever since I came into the neighborhood, hast thou been tattling. Prate, prate! Helter-skelter! I wonder what use such a head-ache-giving intruder can be? Running down the slope of the hill, then over the valley, here and there, one side and another side, just as if all the land were thine own! And then, impudent! scampering down to the very sea. I should like to know who gave thee an invitation into other people's company; a pert little country jade, moving into the great world without anybody's asking

thee? And here have I been, for the last half-hour, wearying myself with giving good advice, of which the insolent vagabond takes no notice. 'Tis past endurance.'

"Upon which the raven—for it was a raven—dashed violently into the stream, and the stream, instead of losing its temper, merely washed the dirt off the raven's wings.

"But at this moment all the community set up such a shout of indignation, that the raven was very glad to betake himself to flight, and never again did he appear in the land of the stream."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Among the daily topics of conversation in Mr Howard's family were the interesting events which the newspapers communicated. "What an advantage," remarked Mr Howard, "we have over past generations! What a quantity of instruction is brought to us every day! What a perpetual contribution of valuable topics for reflection does a newspaper bring! Of how many countries it speaks; how many occurrences it records; how far it travels in search of information, and how far it communicates the information that it collects together! Think, how many thousands of persons have been concerned in the preparation of that great sheet: it contains volumes of knowledge,

gathered together from innumerable sources. How much pleasure has been enjoyed, how much pain has been suffered, to afford materials for so much collected matter! And, like itself, every newspaper that it quotes is dependent, too, on a vast establishment, with its correspondents, editors, compositors, printers, postmen to circulate, and vehicles to convey it; and perhaps fifty such have been consulted, from all parts of the world, for the production of that we are reading. More than a hundred thousand persons, I should think, are directly or indirectly connected with the publication of a morning newspaper. Men have admired the manufacture of a watch, as a master-piece of human sagacity; but what is the manufacture of a watch to that of a newspaper? A few hands have been occupied in digging the metal, and transporting it to the melting-house, and conveying it to the work-

shop, and in moulding or shaping it into the exquisite forms required; but a newspaper contains the history of nations; shows the movement of the great and complicated machine of man; bring into its columns all time and all space; discusses all topics; exhibits all interests; exemplifies all vice and all virtues; and pours out floods of instruction into the minds of its readers.

"To read newspapers with advantage, one principle should always be present, that the only useful and honorable object of human exertion is to increase the sum of human happiness and to diminish that of human misery. Learn to estimate all events and all projects by this sole standard. Forget the language of praise or blame with which parties speak of one another, and inquire whether the conduct in question is likely to remove pain or add to enjoyment. If it be so, learn to think

of it with approval, however harshly that conduct may be spoken of; if, on the contrary, actions be praised which are unfriendly to human felicity, be no party to the praise.

"I read to-day," continued Mr Howard, "an interesting example of presence of mind, which I thought you would like to hear; for presence of mind, though a gift of nature to some, may be strengthened by habit and encouraged by example. It is prompt, prudential courage, providing the best safeguards in the moment of peril. It does not seek dangers unnecessarily, for that would be folly; but if dangers arrive, it is ready with the best means for averting them. Timidity, that flies without inquiring what ought to be done, both confuses and debilitates the mind. I would not have my children fool-hardy nor presumptuous, but I would have them considerate; and presence of mind s one of the good

qualities in which I hope they will not be wanting.

"But I must give you the newspaper account:—'The life of the Right Honorable Edward Ellice, and perhaps of several other persons, was saved the other day by the presence of mind displayed by his son, a youth under age. A fire broke out and was making great progress; it had nearly reached the apartments in which were Mr Ellice and his son; in a closet close to the room was a large canister of gunpowder sufficient to have blown up the whole edifice. Without mentioning his intention to anybody, the young Ellice hastened to the closet, got hold of the canister, and flung it out of window. A few moments of delay, or forgetfulness, might have led to the destruction of the edifice and of every body in it.' Now which of you, children, can remember an instance of presence of mind?"

"Oh, papa!" said Edith, "I recollect the story of the gentleman who was saved by his presence of mind when the madman got hold of him in Bedlam."

"Well, then, let us hear it; for to repeat a story to others is the very best way of remembering it yourself."

"Well, papa, there was a party of gentlemen and ladies who went to visit Bedlam, and, as they were going through the wards, one of the gentlemen was accosted by a person whom he supposed to be one of the keepers, and who said to him in a whisper—'Your friends are only going through the common parts of the establishment, but if you will come with me, I will show you the apartments which are not generally opened to strangers.' The man went off and beckoned to the gentleman, who stepped away from his companions, to follow his new guide,

who led him through sundry passages to the top of the building, and then out upon the leads. No sooner were they there than the man said to the gentleman—'Now, sir, jump into the street!' You may suppose what were his feelings when he found himself in the presence of a madman, and knew that the madman's next step would probably be to throw him off the building. But his presence of mind suggested a means of escape, and he said to the madman—'Jump down! Anybody can jump down; but if you'll let me, I'll go down and jump up, which will be much more of a feat.'—The madman burst into a laugh—'Ha! ha! indeed it will; march down and try.'—So the gentleman was allowed to go; and, naturally, the first thing he did was to inform the keepers of the narrow escape he had had, and to urge them to be a little more careful in future that such a dangerous

lunatic should not be allowed to put people's lives in jeopardy. And now, George, let us hear your story."

"I will tell you, then, of an example of presence of mind which I have somewhere read of in ancient time. Do you remember the story of that Philosopher, when Alexander of Macedonia had menaced with destruction a city of Asia that had refused to pay him tribute, who was sent forth to entreat the conqueror's clemency? He had been Alexander's tutor, and he was employed to interfere, in the earnest hope that, from his former influence with the conqueror, he would not intercede in vain; but Alexander seeing him approach, and knowing the object of his coming, called out—'Don't trouble yourself or me, I vow to you, and I have sworn a solemn oath to all the gods that, I will never grant your request.'—On which the Philosopher said

—'I humbly entreat your majesty to reduce the city to ashes, and to let no one of its inhabitants escape!' Alexander perplexed, it is said, by the solemnity of his vow, desisted from injuring the city or punishing the citizens. Now, Arthur, it is your turn."

"I hardly know, papa," said Arthur, "whether the conduct of Hernan Cortes when he destroyed his whole fleet, which Robertson calls, 'an effort of magnanimity unparalleled in history,' should be considered as most remarkable for courage or for presence of mind."

"Remarkable for both," said Mr Howard; "and now let me hear what you recollect of the history."

"While Cortes was making arrangements for advancing the conquest of Mexico, by sending an envoy to Spain, in order to communicate with the Spanish court on matters of extreme urgency, a plot was formed to

seize one of the vessels, and to intercept the messenger on his way homewards, and thus to thwart all Cortes's plans, and supersede him in his command. One of the conspirators communicated the purpose to Cortes, a few hours before the intended departure. Cortes instantly went on board, and found the conspirators all assembled and about to sail. Intimidated by his sudden appearance they neither denied nor attempted to justify their treason. They were all arrested, the leaders executed, the subordinates forgiven; 'because,' says the Spanish historian, 'he was so careful of the lives of his men,' and mingled kindness with his severest justice. Yet he felt that this attempt to undermine his authority, was but a system of feelings which might again break out, and that he could not rely on the chances of fortune in the discovery of any future plots against him. He determined, with a readi-

ness and a boldness far beyond ordinary experience, to identify his followers with his own fate, and to cut off all means of retreat and of return to Spain. He determined to sacrifice the whole of his fleet, leaving nothing to the choice of his comrades, but success or inevitable destruction. To a few of the most faithful of his friends he communicated his plans; the sailors were won over by presents and promises to declare that the ships were no longer sea-worthy; the soldiers were induced to believe, that the accession of the seamen to their body would be a most important and valuable addition to their forces. Cortes's energetic purpose carried him through his bold design. The vessels were dismantled and sunk, and he now stood at the head of his band, with nothing before him but conquest or a grave, and he succeeded."

"Very well," said Mr Howard; "bravely

told; but it is not very likely any of us should have an opportunity of showing presence of mind on so grand an occasion. But occasions are of frequent occurrence. I know a lady well —and you know her—whose infant child had to undergo a dangerous and most painful operation. It was the removal of a great portion of the baby's cheek, and she knew that her presence would comfort the child as far as it could be comforted, and determined so to master her sympathies as to be most useful. Yet she was remarkable for tenderness towards her children, and would not for the world have inflicted on them a needless pain. I remember well that the surgeon looked at her with some surprise, but his doubts as to the propriety of her presence were removed by the calmness and firmness with which she insisted. She held the babe during the operation, and if any thing would have assuaged his terrors, or lightened his

sufferings it would have been his mother's watchfulness and care. I am sure that, at the cost of some present pain, she purchased a store of future pleasure for herself, and future gratitude from her boy; and *that*, as I have often told you, is the arithmetic of virtue, which increases happiness always; or at least diminishes suffering.

"In very early life, I have seen presence of mind exhibited,—usefully and thoughtfully exhibited. I was once travelling in the mail coach with a little boy, a very little boy, for a companion, and, when we were getting into the vehicle, he asked me what would happen if we were overturned. I told him that what would happen I did not know; perhaps we should get our bones broken; but, at all events, the way to run the least risk was to be calm and quiet, and to sit as firmly as possible in the seat. It did so chance that the mail was overturned: my

little man was as grave and as steady as a philosopher, and when I had dragged him out of the window and set him upon his legs, he said, very solemnly—'Papa! I have several bones broken,'—but, happily, though several passengers were seriously bruised and injured, no mischief whatever befell the little thoughtful boy.

"And now I think we have had examples enough, both among the little and the great, of the virtue of presence of mind; and you will not forget that its value depends wholly on the good which is done, or the suffering that is prevented by it. But as nobody knows when the opportunities for exercising it may happen, and as those opportunities may be of the greatest importance, endeavor to form the habit of self-control. Be ready to do promptly what is best to be done. In the calm hour when no interruptions break in upon the thoughts, fancy

circumstances that require a speedy decision from you: if you hear of mistakes, or vexations from the want of presence of mind in others, employ your own mind in thinking, how *you* would have prevented them. Make the errors of others useful as beacons to warn you away, —make their wisdom useful as magnets to attract and guide you."

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

In the evening, Mr Howard was reading Shakspeare to the assembled circle; and when he came to that celebrated passage—

> 'And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
> In corporal suffering feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies—'

"Is that true, papa?" interrupted Arthur.

"No, indeed," answered Mr Howard, putting down the book. "It is poetry and not truth; it is the exaggeration of a benevolent feeling, strongly and beautifully put; but it will not bear a very close examination. What, however, ought not to be forgotten is, that insects, however small and seemingly contemptible, have feelings both of pain and pleasure, and

those feelings ought not to be thoughtlessly wounded;—

> 'I would not number on my list of friends
> Who heedlessly sets foot upon a worm;'

for though the worm's enjoyments and sufferings may be small compared to those of human beings, they *are* enjoyments, they *are* sufferings, and, therefore, are very worthy of our regard. To increase those enjoyments is virtue; to diminish them is vice: to lessen those sufferings is virtue, and it is vice to augment them.

"Some people think of humanity to animals as a sort of condescending virtue, for which the animals ought to be very much obliged. It is, however, to be judged of by the same rule as every other virtue, and depends upon the pains and pleasures to which animals are subject, and of which they are susceptible. Could they feel as much as human beings, they

would be intitled to just the same quantity of our benevolence. They administer to our pleasures, and thus they have a hold upon our good will. Many of them can make a grateful return for our kindness to them, and so again we have a motive for using them kindly; and we may add to their happiness, and, as far as we can do so, we exercise benevolence. A man who treats the animals that depend upon him with unnecessary harshness or cruelty, is a very bad moralist in practice. Thousands of persons, especially among the poor, who cannot do much for the increase of the happiness of mankind, have beasts of burthen, or other animals, subjected to them, whose lives they may make wretched by their severity, or comfortable by their friendly acts. In half-civilized life it often happens, that more of benevolence is exhibited to the brute creation than among us. The affection of an Arab for

his horse has been often spoken of with admiration. He is his master's companion, his pride, and his best possession. His master's first concern is to provide for his wants, to take care of his health, to keep him clean, and to caparison him richly. A Laplander will treat a rein-deer almost like one of his family: give the useful animal his food even before his own has been prepared, shelter him with kindness almost parental, and mourn over him when necessity compels the sacrifice of his life as a needful provision for a Lapland winter. Instances of the mutual affection between elephants and their keepers have been again and again spoken of; and I confess that, in visiting that strange and gigantic animal the cameleopard, or giraffe, in the Garden of Plants, at Paris, I was nearly as much interested by the coal-black Nubian slave who waited upon him, as by the splendid creature himself. So attentive

did he seem to his charge; so proud of its majesty—its docility—its beauty—its fame! He appeared to me a most important portion of the whole effect, and created round the tall and gentle creature a sort of natural and domestic atmosphere. There was a real brotherhood between them, and I thought, if either were to die, how lonely and desolate the survivor would be!

"The greatest Philosopher of our days,—the man whose mind was beyond comparison the most exalted, and whose benevolent affections, the most expansive that I have ever been privileged to know, was himself a striking example of the powers of sympathy towards the animal creation. He felt for all that had feeling, and was habitually showing, though not intrusively, how much he felt. I have known the mice run up and down his legs as he was engaged in the profoundest studies;

making their way to a drawer under his desk, where he was accustomed to keep sundry crumbs of bread; nor would he disturb, or allow them to be disturbed, till they got noisy and riotous, and then they were chased away upon his own principle, that they annoyed him more than they benefited themselves.

"There was a cat in the family who was a very important personage; a stately, grave, reverend, and black-coated gentleman, who in the latter part of his days, was advanced to high honors. His early history had been like that of many of his race: he dwelt in the kitchen, but every now and then took predatory excursions into the garden, and came home quite unable to give a good account of himself; in a word, it was generally thought he was no better than he should be; but, as age came on, he grew steady and sober, and was often seen with his eyes closed, engaged in deep medi-

tation, as if he were recalling the events of his life, and pondering over the errors of his ways. People said there were decided symptoms of reform; and gradually he established such a reputation for steadiness and sobriety, that his master paid him marked attention. On one occasion, it was even reported that he was observed giving moral lessons to some of his younger brethren, and reproving their flighty and irregular habits. At last, he became so undoubtedly sage and prudent that he was installed in ecclesiastical dignity, and called the Rev. John Blackman. Nothing could exceed the propriety of his deportment—his step was solemn—and his every motion that of a thoughtful philosopher. Having established his claims to advancement, the diploma of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him, and the Rev. Dr Blackman was introduced with due solemnity to the guests who visited

the Philosopher's hermitage. It was a goodly sight to see with how much humility and gravity the Doctor bore his accumulated dignities. His merits were indeed so striking and undoubted, that it was thought he would do honour to the episcopacy, and there was a serious intention of conferring on him a bishop's rank. But he did not live to receive this new mark of distinction from the state authorities: he died during the discussion, full of years, and was buried amidst the real regrets and respectful remembrances of all who had had the privilege of his acquaintance.

"Animals by no means occupy that place in our affection and our regards to which they are intitled. We hardly know how much they might learn, if they were properly taught. They are far more improveable beings than we generally suppose them to be: and they would, many of them, become apt and intelli-

gent scholars, if trouble were taken to instruct them. Those which add most to man's enjoyments, and therefore obtain most of his attention, show great docility; and by care and kindness, sometimes mingled with discipline, —for animals must be dealt with like men or children, and taught to refrain, or to act, by means of hopes and fears, of rewards and punishments: those, I said, which man employs to do him services, have their characters moulded by education. The racer and the courser, the saddle, carriage, or dray horse, have each received instruction fitted for the business in which they are to be engaged. The sheep-dog, the coach-dog, and the house-dog—the setter, pointer, spaniel, and terrier have all had their natural qualities developed and improved by education. You have heard, that there are people among the Hindoos, who train the most venomous serpents to prompt and

perfect obedience, and exercise over them an authority which would hardly be credited, if it were not told us on undoubted testimony. We have seen with our eyes, on Waterloo bridge, a variety of animals in the same cage, all living together in perfect harmony, whose natural instincts would appear to lead them to prey upon one another. I know not by what happy art all the unfriendly propensities were got rid of, and the friendly affections planted in their stead; but it was certainly the work of education. In that abode of peace, and good-will, the mouse might have been seen taking shelter under the hawk's wing, or seated sportingly upon the back of the cat. Puss never quarrelled with his neighbor pug: and pug took care not to fright the linnets and the goldfinches that sometimes hid their beaks in his rough coat, perched upon his tail, or fluttered about his ears. All these creatures

had been made moral by a judicious master; and it is very likely that, with a little trouble, we might make many a naughty little animal well-behaved and virtuous.

"I saw once, on the Boulevards at Paris, a whole troop of little birds, (of many species,) taught to obey the order of their keeper. They played all sorts of antics; and I could not fancy that they were not in some way tied, so that their master could guide their motions; but no! they were all free, and they flew away and returned as they were bidden. They would climb a ladder, walk or run, at command,—there was one that shouldered a musket, and another, I think, professed to play on a fiddle: at a given word they all lay down like dead creatures, side by side, and at another they arose. All this was education; all this shows how much little birds were able to learn.

"In the South of Europe, children frequently

tame lizards, play with them, and nurse them in their sleeves and their bosoms.

"I love the child that loves animals. Some time ago, when I was on the banks of the Garonne, a little French boy ran to me with a tumbler turned upside down on a plate, where there was some water and some fresh leaves, saying—'See what a pretty thing I have got to tell me what the weather will be!' It was a very small frog, with a back as green as emeralds, a belly as yellow as gold, and eyes as bright as diamonds. 'I keep him here,' said the little boy; 'and when it is going to be bad weather, he goes and hides himself in the water under the leaves; and when it is going to be fine, he comes out and clambers to the top of the glass, and then I know I can go and play in the fields.'"

"Had the little boy taught him to do so, papa?" inquired Edith.

"No, my love, there is an almost universal instinct among animals, by which they are enabled to anticipate the changes of the seasons, and it enables them to make provision for these changes; but I have heard of frogs that came when they were called: and I have heard of children who had need to be taught even that.

"Now, what say you, young people, shall we open a school for animals?"

"Oh, yes! yes!" they all cried out together.

"Well, then," said Mr Howard; "each one shall choose a pupil, and tell us how it is to be brought up."

"Oh, I," said Edith, "I will have a pretty white mouse—such as I have seen the Savoyard boys showing about, with rose-colored eyes, and ears and tail so transparent that you can almost see through them; and I will teach it to thread my needles, and to do my errands: and it shall sit by the side of my plate at dinner, and on

my lap in the evening, when you, papa, are telling us your pretty stories; and I will teach it to wake me in the morning, and it shall go with me to my dancing lessons, and, then, when I am *alone*, I can dance a duet with it."

Upon which a loud laugh from all the rest stopped the talkative little girl, and George said—"Oh, Edith, you began with a mouse and end with a *bull*. But now, what does Arthur say?"

"I should like," said Arthur, "a lion's cub: for what a fine thing it would be to teach it, and to tame it, and, when it became a full-grown lion, what a pride to be accompanied by such a noble creature, and to go into the woods to hunt with it!"

"I am afraid," said Mr Howard, "that Arthur's first experiment is somewhat too daring, and that he would be very soon desirous of changing his lion for a more docile pupil."

"I should like, papa, I think," said George, "to try what I could do with a good-natured hare: and then I would turn to account the experience of the poet Cowper, who certainly did manage to get the friendship of *one* hare, at least: and to get a friend, papa, is worth a little trouble."

"Now, suppose you were each of you left on an uninhabited island, and were to choose one animal for your companion, what should it be?"

"A lamb for me," said Edith; "that would be the best companion, for it is never in a passion. We could enjoy ourselves together in the fields by day, and it would keep me warm at night, and its wool would be so useful: and it would not be coaxed away to leave me by any wild creatures."

"I think I should choose," said Arthur, "a well-trained falcon, for he would go forth and

catch me food, and find food for himself without any anxiety for me: and he might decoy other creatures; and there is something so cheerful in the flight of a bird, that it would keep up my spirits in solitude."

"I," said George, "hardly know what to fix upon; but I vote for the llama of the Andes, which is strong enough to carry burthens, which would give me milk and wool, which I should learn to weave into garments.—And what does mamma say?"

"Mamma says," Mrs Howard answered, "that *she* should prefer a dog for a companion; because she knows more about its good qualities, and its docility, and its patience, and its courage. A biography of dogs, and of their virtuous deeds, would fill many volumes. They live in all climates: and of all the companions of man are the most attached and faithful. I don't think I should dismiss my old favorite for

the sake of a stranger, of whose excellencies I should not feel quite so sure."

"Amen!" said Mr Howard: "and now, children, away to your dreams."

They went: and before sleep, George, Arthur, and Edith said to themselves, and to one another, that they had never liked animals so well before, and never thought of all the uses that might be made of them.

VERACITY.

The next day they all met at the breakfast-table, and the subject they talked about was truth. George and Edith had a strong sense of its value, but Arthur, now and then, not because he meant to prevaricate or utter falsehood, but generally from mere precipitancy and carelessness, was used to speak with inaccuracy about matters; so it frequently happened that he underwent those cross-questionings which nobody ever thought of employing with Edith or George. If George erred, it was by too much reserve; while the error of Arthur was on the side of inconsiderateness. Little Edith was all ingenuousness and prattle; she never thought of concealing anything, and the

idea of misrepresentation never entered her mind. In fact, Mr and Mrs Howard were so desirous of establishing habits of veracity amongst their children, that no known misstatement had ever gone unpunished, and the frank avowal even of a fault was sure to be accepted as a peace-offering for half its ordinary penalties.

What led to the conversation was this: Mr Howard had inquired of George what lessons they had to prepare for school, and George answered, "Our Greek exercise, our Latin verses, and our three problems in Euclid, papa."—"And are you ready?"—"Yes," replied he. Upon which Mr Howard said, I will hear you your Latin verses, and trust to your word for the rest; and George repeated them perfectly well. Mr Howard soon after met Arthur, and, not telling him that he had seen George, he asked him what were his

tasks for the day.—Arthur hesitated, and said, "Latin verses and Euclid;" for, in truth, he had not learnt his Greek lesson, and was afraid his father would inquire about it, and reprove him for his negligence. Upon which his father looked him full in the face, and said, "Arthur, is that all?" And Arthur's cheeks became red and fiery; he felt he had meant to conceal a part of the truth, and bitter were the self-reproaches he felt. His papa admonished him, in gentle terms:—"Arthur, you have given yourself much pain, you have given me much pain; I trust what you suffer and I suffer will be enough to prevent you from giving way again to this sad infirmity of yours."

Truth, then, was the breakfast-table topic, but Mr Howard made no reference whatever to Arthur's fault, hoping and believing that he had suffered enough for present correction;

and the art of punishment is to inflict no more misery than is necessary to produce reformation. Arthur had suffered humiliation. His papa wished to spare him the additional humiliation of having his weakness exposed to his mamma, his brother, and his sister. It would have grieved all of them, and Mr Howard would not grieve them needlessly. It would have been as cruel for him to inflict useless sorrow to help a moral cure, as for the surgical operator to make an unnecessary incision in the limbs of the patient he was endeavoring to heal.

But Mr Howard thought the opportunity should not be lost of enforcing the importance of veracity. He read from the newspaper the account of the cross-examination of a prevaricating witness. "How sad it is," he remarked, "that the solemnity and importance of a judicial proceeding are not a sufficient

security for the utterance of truth! Now, George, tell me what you think of a story I will relate to you.

"A well-known Portuguese courtier, Dom Duarte Pereyra, being called upon to state his age in a court of justice, swore he was forty years old. Ten years afterwards, in the same court and before the same judge, he again swore that his age was forty; and when the judge recalled to his mind that he had made the same statement ten years before, he answered—'Please your Highness, you cannot have a better proof of my veracity, for I always say the same thing.'"

"Indeed, papa, it seems an occasion very ill chosen for a display of wit and levity, at the expense of truth. If the auditory laughed at the joke, they could have little respect for the joker."

"True, George; and if Pereyra had not

been a courtier and a powerful man, the probability is, he would have been severely punished for contempt of the court."

"There is a proverb," said George—"that truth is not to be spoken at all times. Can you give us some rules, papa, by which we may know when truth is to be spoken, and when not?"

"The proverb you have quoted may be made a mischievous one; it has a bad and a good meaning. Its bad meaning is, that falsehood may sometimes be spoken; its good meaning is, that it is not always incumbent on us to speak at all. The general rule is, that whatever is spoken should be true; but it is not all truth that is useful. Useful truths should be spoken; pernicious truths should be suppressed. You might annoy everybody you meet by the utterance of truth; but its being truth would be no justification. Truth, like

everything else, is a means to an end, and any one might make himself as vexatious by the utterance of ill-timed truths, as by the utterance of the boldest falsehoods. I knew a man whose pride it was to tell people what he called 'the truth.' That man was an absolute nuisance, and avoided by everybody. He scarcely ever opened his lips but to make others unhappy, and he thought this habit very frank and meritorious. He would not have told a lie for the world, but he produced more unhappiness than many a liar. He was always on the look-out for occasions to say *true* and disagreeable things, the more *true* the more disagreeable; and he flattered himself with the thought that he was a fine example of moral courage aud virtue.

"Far different was the conduct of a truly benevolent friend of mine. His rule, with very rare exceptions, was, never to utter a

word, never to do a deed which should give pain to another. If it were absolutely necessary to say anything which caused pain, he made the pain as little as possible by the gentleness and kindness of his manner. He seldom uttered pain-giving truths; pain-giving falsehoods never.

"Prudence and benevolence take veracity under their care. To violate truth is to lose reputation, and this is imprudent. Whenever by a violation of truth, injury is done to others, the virtue of benevolence is violated. No falsehood can be uttered without some mischief to the mind, and the case which would justify falsehood by producing a result of good is so rare, that a man must be quite sure it will warrant the sacrifice of a portion of his reputation.

"There is no virtue which obtains for its possessors a larger portion of good opinion in

early life than the love of truth. Virtue, my children, consists in the sacrifice of some present enjoyment to a future greater good; and truth-telling often subjects us to great temporary inconvenience, sometimes to considerable suffering, which if we undergo for the sake of truth, is evidence of a virtuous disposition, and of a determination to acquire a virtuous habit.

"Three boys, John, Thomas and Henry, were playing in a field, and saw, without being perceived, a man who had been very kind to them, misuse and rob another man. They were not near enough to interfere, but they were near enough to witness all the circumstances of the case. The robber having quitted his victim, passed close to the place where the boys were, and at once discovered that they had been spectators of his crime, and that, perhaps, his life was in the

hands of those very boys whose benefactor he had been. He was too much hurried to stop, but as he went on he said to the boys —'You won't betray me?' The man who had been robbed having got assistance, the robber was arrested, and the three boys having been found so near the scene of the robbery, were carried before the magistrate to be interrogated as to what they knew of the affair.

"They were separately examined. In John's mind the desire to save his friend and benefactor mastered every other feeling. He would rather have told the truth, if he could have done so without danger to the robber, but while he was questioning his own mind as to what he ought to do, the robber's words rushed upon his thoughts—'You will not betray me,'—and he said to himself—'No! *I* will not betray you, come what will.'

So, when he was questioned, he denied all knowledge of the robbery—denied that he had seen either the robber or the person robbed; and did this with a pertinacity, which no doubt he thought heroic, and which went far in the mind of the magistrate to shake his faith in the story of the robbed man.

"Thomas's struggle with himself was yet severer. He could not determine to tell a falsehood, nor could he determine to give evidence against his friend. He feared, too, in his anxiety not to appear a liar, on the one hand, or a 'betrayer' on the other, that he might be caught in prevarication, or that his statements might not be corroborated by those of John and Henry. His first thought was to escape and hide himself, but finding this impossible, he feigned dumbness; he preserved an obstinate silence, and nothing that

the magistrate was able to say could extort a word from him.

"Henry, too, had some difficulty in deciding how to act, but the claims of truth, especially on so solemn an occasion, at last got the mastery. He weighed the consequences as well as he was able, and his conscience told him that his own honor, and the good of society, ought to outweigh the claims of the robber upon his silence. He stated the facts, simply, truly, though it was obvious how much he suffered.

"Tell me," said Mr Howard, "which of the boys acted most meritoriously."—They all decided against John. George and Edith took Henry's part, but Arthur seemed to think that Thomas had, after all, behaved most nobly, that he had not violated truth, and had exhibited proper gratitude to his benefactor.

"No!" replied Mr Howard; "the mischief of falsehood may, on some occasions, be equally produced by insincerity in other shapes. The difference between John and Thomas was merely this:—that John was the more rashly imprudent of the two. The claim of society upon each of the boys, in a case where the just laws of society had been so violently outraged, was stronger than any claim of gratitude could be. In cases of doubt, decide in favor of veracity and sincerity; for, as an ancient writer has said of truth—'It endureth, and is stronger than all things.'"

PRAISE AND BLAME.

As George and Arthur were returning home from school, they saw a crowd gathered round a preacher, whose loud voice caused many passengers to tarry and listen. He had made a pulpit of a chair, which he had borrowed at a neighboring house, and was exerting himself violently, in order to excite attention. Some persons stopped for curiosity, some out of respect for the preacher's zeal, some to make jokes, while others passed heedlessly or scornfully by. George and Arthur fell in with the crowd, and they were much struck by the variety of opinions they heard expressed. One person said—"He is very intemperate, but perhaps he is acting under a sense

of religious duty." Another said—"Did you ever see such an exhibition of fanaticism?" while a poor woman whispered to a very sober-looking man, who was listening with great reverence and attention,—"He must be a good man to bear, with so much patience, the taunts of these worldly-minded sinners." The preacher continued his discourse amidst all the annoyances and discouragements around. One person cried out—"Come down, old hypocrite! from your preaching-tub;"—and he was answered by another's reproof—"How can you be so profane?" "The law ought to stop such superstitious frenzy," said one.—"The law ought to protect him from such improper interruptions," answered another. All this set the boys meditating on the different judgments formed of the same action, and they told Mr Howard, when they came home, how much they had been entertained by the

dissimilarity of the opinions they had heard, and how much they were embarrassed by the opposing sentiments that had been expressed.

"One of the most important lessons to learn," said Mr. Howard, "is to judge of things apart from the language of praise or blame. There are three ways of speaking of every action of men's lives; one in approval, one in disapproval, and one which conveys no opinion as to merit or demerit. Few things have done the world so much injury as the custom of attaching words of reproach, or words of eulogy, to every thing said or done by another. In this way, every event becomes distorted by prejudiced or passionate judgment; the same act will be called, by different persons, 'prudence,' 'economy,' 'parsimony,' or 'covetousness.' Another act will be denominated by one man, 'desire of information;' by another, 'inquisitiveness;' by a third,

'curiosity;' by a fourth, 'impertinence.' What one person calls 'laudable pride,' another will call 'ostentation,' and a third 'arrogance:' so in the case you have been mentioning, the preacher's conduct was subjected to every title that could be found for it, from piety and godliness on the one side, to superstition, hypocrisy, and fanaticism on the other: the simple truth being only that he was preaching in the street: all the rest was the addition of despotic opinions sitting in judgment on his conduct.

"One of the great things then to learn is, to weigh the merit of an action apart from the phrases in which others speak of it. The worst of actions are sometimes praised, the best of actions are sometimes condemned. Accustom yourselves always to inquire into the consequences of conduct, which you may study in the pains and pleasures it produces; never seek the causes of conduct in motives which you

cannot discover, which nobody can discover: for, as Hudibras quaintly says:—

> 'Nature has made man's breast no windows
> To publish what he does within doors.'

"All motives are the same in intention. No voluntary action is done from any other than from a desire to do it. A desire is created by the presence, or the hope of pleasure, or by the hope of escape from pain. A man robs his neighbor. He thinks he shall have more pleasure from the possession of the articles he steals than he shall lose by the consequences of the robbery. Having the same opportunity, another man does not rob his neighbor. Why? Because he would have less pleasure in robbing him than he has in refraining. A man tells a lie. And wherefore? Because he thinks it is his interest to do so. Another, under the same circumstances, tells the truth; but solely because in his view of the case, it

is his interest to tell the truth. The motive is the same always. But the determination that prompts to the virtuous action has made a wise calculation of pleasure, and the opposite determination has made a foolish calculation.

"As you advance in life, you will often hear language, the effect of which, and often the intention of which is, to conceal the true character of actions. Intemperance will take the name of 'sociability,' or 'conviviality;' 'antipathy,' of 'public spirit;' 'maleficence,' of 'patriotism;' and wide-spreading mischief, of 'fame' and 'glory.' But, if you accustom yourselves to look to the influence of actions upon human happiness, upon your own happiness and that of others, you never will be at a loss. No fictions or fallacies will bewilder or betray you.

"Did you not observe, to-day, that the strongest and most passionate language was held by those who were most excited, and thus

the least able to judge? If there were any in the crowd who looked on calmly, and expressed their opinion quietly, I am sure you must have thought them the most worthy of being listened to. And so it is, and so it will ever be in life. A serene state of mind is the best fitted for honest judgment.

"Once,—it was a beautiful morning in spring, a light breeze rose from the depths of the waters, and went wandering over the face of the earth. As it sped along a green and narrow valley, the flowers were delighted with its approach, and welcomed it with a thousand gentle words. Violets perfumed it as it passed, cowslips danced in their family groups, daisies and buttercups shook for very joy as the breeze glided over them. 'Stay,' said they, 'among us, fair breeze of the morning, and gladden us with your presence. Your gaiety makes us gay, and we all spring up at your coming.'

But the breeze answered, 'I have a long journey before me, I will visit you again some other day,' and away it hurried to the heath among the ferns and the furzes. Great was their clamor when the breeze arrived. The furzes put forth all their thorns, and gave way to the language of ill-humor and discontent. 'What business have you here, in our territory, noisy and vulgar creature? Why will you not respect our golden ear-rings? Who allowed you to blow in our faces, and disarrange our green garments?' And the ferns fluttered about in pride and vain glory, and said to the breeze—'Don't you see, you ill-bred adventurer, that you are treading on our toes, and shaking our treasures out of our pockets by your carelessness?' But the breeze assured the captious inhabitants of the waste that it had only come to pay a visit of courtesy, with no intention to offend: and away it hastened to a mountain-

stream, every ripple of which kissed it as it passed, and threw up living diamonds in honor of its coming. As it mounted the hill-side, it said, 'Good day!' to the echoes, and 'Good day!' was repeated back in cordial gratulation. This gave notice to the forest that the breeze was at hand, and great was the commotion with which they hailed its advent. It shouted loudly, as it glided through the trees: and the trees waved their branches, and bowed their heads in triumph. Delighted with its excursion, the breeze returned to the ocean, where it laid itself down to rest.

"Do you see the moral of the fable, children? The breeze was not less kind, not less useful to the rough ferns and prickly gorse, than to the flowers of the valley and the trees of the wood; but they received its visit in a different spirit. And so will it be in the world. Praise and blame will not be apportioned according to

the merit of actions, but according to the tempers of individuals. The virtuous are far more willing to praise than to blame: they never blame unnecessarily, and they delight to praise. Judge rightly, my children, wherever you can; but always judge benevolently. You cannot be sure that you will not fall into mistakes; but you may be sure that you will not fall into the mistakes of malevolence, which are the worst of all."

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

"I WILL give you, my children," said Mr Howard, "an account of a happy man: and what do you think was the principal cause of his happiness? It was the wise employment of his time. Time must be employed either in doing what is useful, or what is not: for the time that is not usefully is uselessly employed; and all the time employed uselessly is employed badly. Did time ever hang heavy on your hands? If it did, you have much to learn in order to be happy: for the wise man and the happy man have no idle time. Time is the material out of which pleasure is made: and he who makes most pleasures out of it, is the man who employs it best.

"What are you thinking about, Arthur?" said Mr Howard, who observed that Arthur was almost bursting with a desire to speak.

"Nothing, papa," said Arthur. "Oh, yes! I was thinking that, if I had nothing to do but to look about for pleasures, I should be a very happy fellow."

"Well, then, and how would you employ yourself, Arthur?"

"In the first place, I would have plenty of holidays, and plenty of sport."

"And plenty of vexation, Arthur, from not having learnt as much as other boys of your age."

"But I would buy myself all sorts of delicacies."

"And buy sickness and head-aches with them," said his father.

So Arthur was a little abashed, and began to blush and said, "I was too hasty, papa; and

before I run away after pleasures, I will think a little more about it."

And Edith said, "I fancy I understand you, papa. Nobody can be happy unless he is pleased at something, but it is not every pleasure that makes happiness."

"That is my meaning, love! Happiness is made up of pleasures; but the best of pleasures are those which do not bring any pain after them. It would be a bad bargain if you were to borrow a penny to-day and have to pay a shilling to-morrow for the loan of it. Yet that is exactly what people do who never think of the consequences of a pleasure. Do you recollect, when you were a little girl, how you ate the twelfth-cake in excess, and how you suffered for it—and took disagreeable medicine, —and felt so wretched, and made us all so uncomfortable about you? When you ate the cake, it was the pennyworth of pleasure, for

which you were obliged to pay a shillingsworth of pain."

"I remember it well, papa: and I won't make so foolish a mistake again."

"But I was going to show you how much happiness, or how many pleasures rather, of which happiness is made, depend upon the judicious use of time. Time is our great treasure, and should be dealt with as a treasure:

> 'Part with it, as with money, sparing; pay
> No moment but in purchase of its worth.'

Except when you are suffering bodily or mental pain, there is no moment that you may not make useful or pleasurable."

"But tell us how, papa!" the children all demanded.

"By employing it well. When you are not otherwise engaged, employ your time in happy thoughts: everybody has time for thought; and

as the mind is scarcely ever at rest, one great secret towards being happy is to have the thoughts occupied with pleasing objects. Plans for acquiring knowledge—plans for giving knowledge to others—plans for innocent amusement— plans for doing good. You may not be able to execute all that you plan; but your thoughts, at all events, will be a source of much pleasure to you.

"The happy man that I was speaking to you about, used to say—'There are two gates into the mind: through one misery enters,—through the other enjoyment. Keep the gate of misery shut—the gate of enjoyment open. Thoughts will come knocking at the gate where misery enters: do not let them in, if you can shut them out. When thoughts come to the gate of enjoyment give them welcome.'

"In disposing of your time, and when you have made the best of it in useful employment,

much will remain to be filled up. There are no engagements so constant as not to leave unoccupied moments: and many engagements merely employ our hands or our feet without employing our mind. Do not let painful thoughts intrude upon such moments; do not call back the recollection of sufferings that are passed; do not indulge in vain regrets or useless self-reproaches; do not be fancying coming evils; but, instead of all these, crowd your mind with thoughts of good: look out for what is bright and beautiful. Waste no time that you can engage in the pursuit of some future comfort. Think of any way of relieving human misery: think of any way of increasing human felicity. You may do this in the moments that would otherwise be lost; and nothing can be more important to your happiness than that you should feel the value of that time which

slips away unemployed, or at least unimproved by those who have not learnt its importance.

"'Take care of the moments, and the hours will take care of themselves.' You cannot employ short periods wisely without the wise employment of long ones.

"But my friend's cares were not confined alone to the encouragement of happy thoughts in his own mind, or in the minds of others: he was always occupied in some useful deed. One of his constant engagements was the spreading through different parts of the world flowers, fruits, plants and trees unknown before. He introduced into this country the sultana raisin from Turkey; and of rarer fruits, the hot-houses of his friends were crowded with specimens collected by his care. When he had ascertained the habits of any useful vegetable, great was the ardor with which he sought to spread

the knowledge of it in the places where it was likely to prosper. In this way it would not be easy to calculate how much he added to human enjoyment, nor the debt that future generations will owe to his kind concern for his race. He preferred botany to all the other departments of natural philosophy, because its pleasures could be made so diffusive: and he valued plants as he valued men—in proportion to the extent of their usefulness. 'You cannot,' he would say, 'multiply minerals, nor insects, nor animals, at will: you cannot communicate to others this species of your riches without self-deprivation; but of most vegetable productions you can easily increase the number: you can enrich others without impoverishing yourself.' Now, if you have time on your hands, only think in how many ways you may thus employ it in the service of man!

"Other topics occupied his leisure hours.

He would think of human infirmities and human wants, and busy himself in alleviating or removing them. The condition of the maniac, for example; and he had corresponded with many countries, in order to ascertain what means had been found most efficient for coercion without violence, and with the smallest suffering to the patient. He had thought of various amusements and various employments compatible with the situation of the lunatic. So, for the blind, he had invented many pleasures: he had suggested several improvements which made instruction more easy and more agreeable. For the deaf and dumb he had also shown a practical and useful sympathy, inventing many sources of happiness for them. He had thought of labors fitting for the lame, for the one-handed, and for the aged. But I need not detail more. I have only mentioned these as examples of what may be done with

time. I wish you to feel that with time everything may be done.

"And, while thus engaged in seeking solace for human misery, do not think my friend was unoccupied, in seeking to diminish the evils of human crime. That pursuit, I may say, was the daily business of his life. He was not used to look upon a criminal with any feeling other than that of benevolence. He knew how much poverty and ignorance had to do with the offences which the laws proscribe. To punish, for the sake of punishment, for the sake of retaliation and revenge, seemed to him folly and wickedness. His constant inquiry was, how the penalties of crime could be safely diminished; how the infliction of unnecessary pain could be avoided. He thought the prisoner worthy of all the care and all the instruction likely to amend him, and to relieve

society from the repetition of his offences. 'To employ the time of the prisoner,' he would say, 'is of the most urgent necessity. If his mind be left unoccupied by you, it will be occupied by himself—by his old thoughts and habits. His mind cannot be long empty. He will fill it with bad projects, unless you fill it with better purposes and better prospects. Do this, and you will shut out as much evil as you can introduce of good.'

"In the same way, was he perpetually suggesting something which should diminish ignorance, and spread knowledge among the people. The child does not walk alone before its education is begun. Think how you can make instruction pleasurable. What the elder has learnt, and found interesting, amusing, or instructive, let him communicate to the younger; the younger to the younger still.

Every one, in turn, will thus be a teacher, and a teacher who will be loved and honored, loved for kindness, honored for superiority.

"Does this seem like a sermon, my children? Never mind, I think you will find it worthy of your serious meditation, and I will give you a text out of which you shall make a sermon for yourselves.

'Time can do wonders!'"

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

THE next day, Edith said to her papa—"Pray tell us something more about that good gentleman who was always employed in making other people happy, papa! Had he a garden of his own, in which he cultivated the flowers he gave away so generously?"

"Yes, Edith, and a beautiful garden, too. It was the garden in which the great Milton walked; and his house, overshadowed by a large sycamore tree, still forms a part of the buildings that inclose it. There is an inscription, scarcely visible through the leaves and branches—'SACRED TO THE PRINCE OF POETS.' Here it was that I listened to the instructions

I am endeavoring to communicate to you, and here I listened with a double reverence.

"We will talk of Milton some day or other. As yet you can hardly comprehend the veneration with which I always think of him

> 'Whose voice was like the sea,
> Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free!'

And I think of him with a more profound homage when I remember the patience, the piety, the greatness of mind he exhibited under the taunts that insulted his blindness and his poverty. 'The Deity regards me,' he said, 'with more tenderness and compassion, in that I am able to behold nothing but himself. * * The Divine Law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack; not, indeed, so much from the privation of my sight as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seem to have occasioned

this obscurity; and which, when occasioned, he is wont to illuminate with an interior light, more precious and more pure.' It was here he gave expression to 'those deep and retired thoughts' which have winged their way through the world. In one of his works he introduces 'a fair garden,' and a gardener 'sowing all wholesome herbs and delightful flowers, according to every season,'—'cutting his hedges, pruning his trees, looking to his tender slips, and plucking up the weeds that hindered their growth;'—'laboring ever since the day-peep,' and 'loving his own handy work.'

"The love of flowers is intimately allied to gentleness and virtue. How should a harsh and cruel spirit condescend to admire anything so humble and so beautiful as those transitory creatures that fade so soon after their birth, that flatter no passions, assume no influence, do nothing but look charming, send

forth perfumes, and die? In many countries flowers are associated with death, because they are striking images of the transitoriness of life, and are so meek and lovely, and suited to the melancholy thoughts of the grave. One of the sights that most struck me when I was a boy, and travelling in Biscay, was the manner in which the living children adorned, with sweet flowers, the bodies of the children that were about to be buried. They do not employ a coffin for the corpse, but a few hours after death it is laid out on a snow-white bier, and then the little hands of other children pile up nosegays of roses and lilies, and other flowers, the fairest they can gather; so that the dead seems to sleep in a garden bower, and with many a wax-light, and many a solemn hymn, it is escorted to its 'narrow house.'

"One of the prettiest sights in Paris, and

in the larger towns of France, is the Marché aux Fleurs, the flower-market; and I know not which is most attractive, the great variety of plants and flowers, the taste with which they are exhibited, or the happy faces of those who come to admire or to purchase those rich gems of the garden.

"There was a poor widow, the widow of a soldier; her husband had long followed the fortunes of Napoleon, the renowned warrior, and had received from him that great object of a Frenchman's ambition, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He went with the grand army to the Russian campaign. No tidings were ever heard of him, and it was supposed he perished among the tens of thousands who died in misery, and of whom no history tells. His poor wife was told of the ice and the snow, and the freezing of the soldiers, and the burning of towns, and the murders of

the Cossacks. She heard that regiments had perished, but of him, for whom she cared more than for all the world besides, she could get no tidings. Yet she dared not think he had died. She dreamed, and dreamed, and dreamed again, that he had been preserved in the midst of the desolation. Often did he appear to her in her sleep, and often in the morning did she say—'Perhaps he may come before the evening:' but he came not. How should he come? He had been frozen to death on the steppes of Russia.

"So, by degrees, the soldier's widow began to say to herself—'There is no hope. Never, never shall we meet again!' She had one child, whose name was Mathilde, and with her she was accustomed to talk of her father, and of the happy time when they lived together. The girl was eight years old, and recollected little of her sire. She thought she

had seen some one in a smart blue dress, wearing a high cap, who used to smile upon her and kiss her; but her remembrance was indistinct, and she doubted whether she should know him again were he to return. Yet sometimes she had a faint memory of songs he used to sing, and she fancied that she should never hear music so sweet till that voice again sounded in her ears. But now her mother told her that she would not see the smile, or hear the song of her father, on which she would drag a favorite wooden stool to her mother's feet, and hide her face on her mother's lap, and sob aloud.

"But what saddened her most of all was, that her mother seemed sick, sick at heart, and grew paler and paler, and every day she spoke fewer words, and those words she spoke seemed feebler to Mathilde. Her mother had supported them both by spinning flax, and

her distaff was in her hands from morning to night, and it was as much as she could do to support herself and Mathilde by her ceaseless labor. Mathilde was already of some use. She could go to the merchant and buy the flax, help to clean it, and when it was spun, she could take it to the master-weavers for sale; but Mathilde had remarked, that for some time the quantity which her mother spun diminished, and every week the little pittance she had to receive diminished too. She said nothing to her mother, but thought, that for her mother's sake, she must make some effort to keep poverty away from the door.

"Mathilde had often been to the Marché aux Fleurs. She had watched the flower-sellers as they came to the market, and the flowers which were most readily disposed of. It was when camellias came into fashion; and Mathilde observed, that whenever one was offered at a

moderate price, a buyer was always found. 'And now,' said she, 'I think I can do something for my mother and myself. I will train camellias. I will bring them to the flower-market. If people will buy them of me, I shall be happy.'

"She had only a few sous, which had been given her at various times by the master weaver to whom she took her mother's flaxen thread, and who had been struck by the child's modest and amiable demeanor; but with these she went to a nursery-gardener, and said she should like to buy some camellia plants, which she wished to rear till they grew into flower. The gardener was pleased with her appearance, and said—'You shall have double the value of the money you bring, and you shall repay me when you are able.' He told her, too, how best to take care of the plants, when to water them, and in what temperature they best

thrived. With what delight did she convey home the pots in which her treasures were! With what anxiety did she watch the growth of the flowers! At last she saw them bud. One came forth like a carving of pure white wax; another, bright and glowing as a ruby. How her heart leaped as she carried them to the Marché aux Fleurs! She scarcely knew what price to set on them. A lady came, and inquired for how much she would sell them. 'Twenty sous, madame,' said Mathilde. her cheeks blushing like the red camellia. 'It is far too little,' said the lady; 'here are two francs, my child!' and, oh! how her heart leaped as she danced homewards, to tell her mother how happy she had been, and to present the produce of her care. Her mother smiled upon her; but Mathilde thought she had never seen so sad a smile. Her mother wept; they were not tears of pain, but

Mathilde fancied her mother had never looked so pale and wan.

"But Mathilde felt she must exert herself the more. She doubled her stock of camellias; and when she went to the Marché aux Fleurs, her stand was remarked for the beauty and variety of the specimens she brought. Her courteous and attractive manners won her many a purchaser of her flowers; and those who bought once never failed to return again, and to recommend her to their friends and acquaintance.

"She would have been happy; for her mother toiled less at the spindle, and Mathilde was able, from the profits of her little trade, to bring many comforts home; but, day after day, she perceived that her mother's voice grew yet weaker; her sight became dim; and the words of kindness which had every day been addressed to her when she came home,

were fewer and fewer, till, at last, nothing welcomed Mathilde but a grasp of the hand, and a kind look from eyes that had almost lost their light. Mathilde sought, and found a boy to take her flowers to market, and gave herself up to her sinking mother. She called in the neighboring apothecary, who told her that no medical aid could save her mother, whose frame was worn out, and who was now dying in peace. In a few days she died. Mathilde threw the rarest of her camellias into the coffin, and planted over her grave, at Père la Chaise, a specimen of singular beauty. Go there at the hour of sunrise, and you will see her watching the grave, or watering the beautiful flower. While Mathilde lives, people say it will live; it will want no care, no kindness; and if it should die, she will replace it with another."

PERSEVERANCE.

"When you were showing us, papa," said George, "that a great many of the virtues, commonly so called, are not virtues unless they are under the control of other virtues, I thought perseverance, too, might be sometimes a *false* virtue,—for that a man might *persevere* in doing wrong."

"That is most true, George, and I am glad that you are learning how to distinguish between what are real virtues and what are not; between what are virtues sometimes, and what are virtues always. And as I remember two cases, one of vicious and another of virtuous perseverance, they will serve to explain what is good and what is evil in persevering conduct.

"A quarrel had taken place between two clerks in a merchant's counting-house—Jonas and Jonathan. The quarrel was of little importance in itself, for it was merely as to the quantity of work that each had to do. The merchant had given six letters to be copied: Jonas said that each should copy three; Jonathan said, that as they were not of the same length, one should copy four, and the other two. They disputed violently about it, and from words came to blows. Jonas beat Jonathan severely, and Jonathan vowed that he would be revenged. In this determination he *persevered*, and it was a part of every day's thoughts how he could injure Jonas.

"Jonas kept what is called the petty cash in the merchant's counting house, that is, he was charged with the payment of all the small sums for the ordinary expenses of the business, and was settled with by the merchant every week,

on his producing the accounts, and the vouchers for payment when any receipts were given. Jonas was particularly careful to keep his documents in order, and Jonathan, who knew Jonas's pride in having his cash-book right, determined to do all that he could to embarrass and confuse him. Whenever Jonathan could lay his hands upon any voucher that Jonas wanted to show that his payments were regular, Jonathan took the opportunity, when nobody was present, either to burn or otherwise destroy it. This made Jonas very miserable, who never fancied that his companion could have been so wicked; but Jonas was bitterly distressed, when, on three following Saturdays, instead of receiving the merchant's accustomed praise, he was reprimanded for negligence. Jonas protested that he had been as careful as usual, but could not conceive how the documents had disappeared. He determined, in future, to

lock them up, instead of leaving them under the leads of the desks, as he had hitherto done. The next week all Jonas's accounts were as correct as usual, and all the vouchers in order, and his tranquillity returned.

"But it did not last long: for Jonathan, finding that he had not succeeded in his ill-natured attempt, was resolved to injure Jonas even more seriously; and one day, when Jonas had gone to the Docks, and had by accident left the key in his desk, Jonathan took a five-pound note out of the cash-box which Jonas kept there, and concealed it in another part of the desk. He did not dare to steal it; he would have been afraid of detection; but he knew how much Jonas would suffer, and he *persevered* in making him suffer.

"Jonas came home, and put the keys in his pocket; he did not even recollect that he had left them in the desk: but the next day,

when he opened his desk to count the money in the cash-box, a five-pound note was missing. This was, indeed, a sad discovery; he racked his brains to remember whether he had made any payment that he had not entered. He inquired of Jonathan whether he had seen him pay any money away. Jonathan professed to feel for his distress, while, in fact, he was rejoicing in it; and he was even much delighted (wicked lad!) when he heard the merchant, in his private room, severely reproaching Jonas for his carelessness.

"A few weeks after, Jonas having occasion to ransack his desk for some papers, found the five-pound note. It never occurred to him that anybody could have been so spiteful as to hide it, in order to give him pain; and he supposed that he himself had, by accident, stowed it away with other papers. But his joy at finding it was even greater than his

distress at losing it. He ran to the merchant, and told him of his good fortune. The merchant recommended more caution in future.

Still Jonathan *persevered* in persecuting Jonas; and having been hitherto undetected, became bolder. It was Jonas's duty to take the letters to the post-office. One day a letter of great importance, containing a bill of exchange for a large amount, was missing. The merchant had, as usual, intrusted the correspondence to Jonas's care, and had left the city for his country abode. Next day the first inquiry, when the merchant came, was whether the letters had been despatched. Jonas burst into tears, and said that the letter with the remittance was not to be found. 'What!' said the merchant, with extreme displeasure; '*that* letter missing!' And looking on the ground, he saw the letter at Jonas's feet, wet and dirty, as if it had been trampled on.

This had been also Jonathan's doing. He had concealed the letter the night before. He had flung it, unperceived—having himself trodden upon it—under Jonas's desk.

"In this way many months passed. All Jonathan's conduct was the *persevering* annoyance of Jonas, but he generally managed with so much cunning as to be undiscovered in his malice; but things went on so ill, that the merchant dismissed them both.

"Years rolled by, in which they had little intercourse with one another. Jonas and Jonathan, in the progress of time, became merchants themselves, but nothing could eradicate from Jonathan's mind the determination to injure, and, if possible, to ruin Jonas. And he at last accomplished it, though his own ruin was at hand. He undermined the credit of Jonas by *persevering*, indirect insinuations as to the state of his affairs, by doubts and inuendos,

and shrugs of the shoulder, by a succession of unfounded reports, and malevolently expressed suspicions, Jonas's reputation as a merchant suffered, and bankruptcy took place. Some of the statements by which Jonas had been injured, were, however, traced to Jonathan; he was prosecuted for damages, convicted, and his own insolvency soon followed.

"But of perseverance—vicious perseverance—he was a striking example.

"It is not long ago, that I went to visit an interesting old man, who lives by the side of the Rhone, at a short distance from Lyons. Have you ever heard of the Jacquard machine, one of the most ingenious of modern discoveries, by which the most complicated patterns can be woven with the same ease as the plainest; a machine which enables an ordinary weaver to produce all those many-colored oriental shawls, fashionable silks, and varie-

gated ribbons, which formerly required a dexterity, possessed only by a very few, and a continuous labor that made them costly and inaccessible to any but the rich? Now-a-days silk-stuffs, exquisitely tasteful and beautiful, can be purchased for a small sum of money, and are worn by hundreds of thousands of the classes whose garments were formerly made of coarse wool or hemp. The old man I speak of, was Jacquard, and he was one of the great causes of this diffusion of enjoyment. As I happened to be near the place of his abode, I determined to visit him, and did so, accompanied by several friends.

"It was a sunshiny day, I remember, and we had a delightful walk along the margin of the rapid Rhone, a river renowned in history, and whose banks are still crowded with the ruins of past time, calling to mind the days when every feudal chief was obliged to

shut himself up in high and embattled towers, built often upon dangerous crags, in order to be secure from the attacks of some neighboring lord. The petty sovereigns and the petty feuds have passed away together. Everything now bears the face of security, of industry, of peace. Talking of the delightful contrast, and hoping that nations would one day harmonize, as the once contending peasantry of the Rhone *now* harmonize, we reached old Jacquard's abode.

"He welcomed us with heartiness. 'But come forth into my vineyard,' he said; 'let us get among the grapes and the sunshine;' so he led the way with a tottering step. 'Hither, hither,' he called out; 'come with me to the arbor.' We followed him there. 'Let me sit in the centre, and let me tell you how glad I am to see you, my friends!' We sat down around him; the clematis was

blended with the vine, and together they made the roof and the walls of the quiet retreat, where, every day, the venerable old man was used to sit, and to recall the events of his much chequered life. Some of those events you shall hear as he himself related them, and you will see what perseverance, —virtuous perseverance—is, and what virtuous perseverance can do.

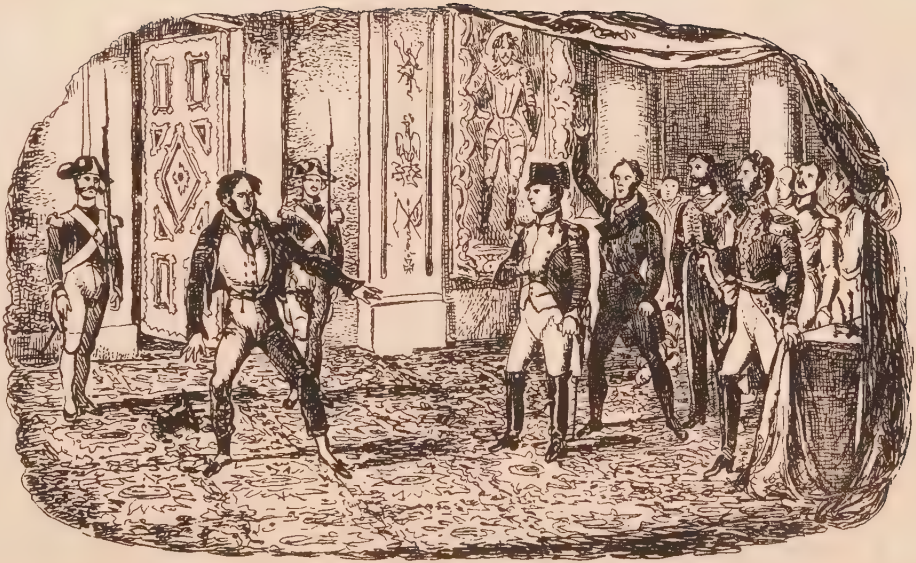
"I told Jacquard that I was an Englishman, and as he had been one of the benefactors of my country, I was come to thank him. 'How proud I am,' said he, 'to be visited by an Englishman. If I have ever done any good, I owe the very first suggestion to England. It was an English newspaper that led me to occupy my thoughts with mechanical improvements. But for that, perhaps, I should still have been a poor straw-hat maker in an obscure street at Lyons,

instead of the happy man you see me, honored by my native town, recompensed by the government (pointing to the red ribbon which he wore at his button-hole) and pensioned by the state.' 'But how,' I enquired, 'did you owe to England your first success?' 'It was,' he answered, 'during the peace of Amiens, and we were accustomed to meet, in order to talk politics, at a friend's house, on the quay. It was there a translated extract from an English newspaper met my eye, stating that a premium was offered by a society in London, to any one who would apply machinery to the manufacture of nets. I meditated long upon the matter, and, after many attempts, I made a machine by which nets could be produced. It was the first of my mechanical experiments, and I will tell you, if you have the patience and the desire to hear me, how that trifling affair was the

beginning of my good fortune and my fame.' Nothing, we assured him, could gratify us more than to continue his history. 'Well, then,' said he, 'I contrived a machine and made a net by it, and thought no more of the matter. I carried the net about in my pocket, and one day, meeting with a friend who had heard the paragraph of the English paper read, I threw it to him, saying, "There is the difficulty got over, and the net made!" And the matter passed out of my mind. I had persevered until I had succeeded, and there was an end of it. Sometime afterwards, I was much surprised at getting an order from the Prefect to appear at the Prefectal palace. I went, and the Prefect said he had only lately heard of my proficiency in the mechanical arts. It was a great mystery to me; I really did not comprehend his meaning, and I stammered out a sort of an apology

for not understanding him. My net and the machine that made it, had gone quite out of my head. The Prefect expressed surprise that I should deny my own abilities, but at last he produced the very net that I had made, and which to me had seemed a very trifling affair, as it was in reality. "I have orders from the Emperor to send the machine to Paris," said the Prefect. "From the Emperor! That's strange indeed; but you must give me time to make it." So I set about it, and in a few weeks I completed it, and trudged away with my machine, and a half-manufactured net in it, to the Prefect. He was very impatient to see it work, so I bid him count the number of loops, and then strike the bar with his foot; he did so, and another loop was added to the number. Great was the delight that he expressed, and he told me that no doubt I should hear from him again. I heard from him again,

in truth, very soon, and in a way that perplexed me not a little; for his first greeting was—"You must go to Paris, M. Jacquard, by his Majesty's orders." "To Paris, sir! how can that be? What have I done? How can I leave my affairs here?" "Not only must you go to Paris, but you must go to-day—you must go immediately!" These were not times in which there was any resisting the orders of authority; so I said, "If it must be so, it must; I will go home and pack up my baggage, and I shall be ready to obey your commands." "No! M. Jacquard!" said the Prefect, "you cannot go home; a carriage is waiting to take you to Paris." "Not go home! Not say adieu to my wife! Not make up my luggage for a journey of 150 leagues!" "I have orders," said the Prefect, "to dispatch you instantly; you may send to your wife; you may tell her to give to my messenger anything you desire to take—I will provide



you with money; but there must be no delay." There was no arguing about the matter, so I sent to my wife, got a small bundle of clothes, jumped into the carriage, and away! away! we were off, full gallop towards Paris! When we reached the first station, I opened the door, and I found myself stopped by a gendarme, who said to me, "Sir, if you please, you are not to go out of my sight."—I found I was a prisoner, and escorted by military force to the capital; things were so managed at that time; there was, however, no use in complaining, so I made the best of my fate, and submitted in good humor.

"'I reached Paris for the first time in my life, and strange was my introduction there. I was escorted to the Conservatory, and whom should I see there but Napoleon and Carnot. Carnot said to me suddenly—"Are you the man that can do what Omnipotence cannot

do? Can you tie a knot in a string on the stretch?" I was overwhelmed with the presence of the Emperor and the abruptness of his minister, and knew not what to answer. But Napoleon spoke very condescendingly to me about my discovery; told me he would protect me, and urged me to go on with my mechanical pursuits.

"'Materials were brought me, and I was directed to make a net-producing machine in the Conservatory, which I did.

"'At that time, a superb shawl was being woven for the Empress Josephine, and for its production they were employing a very costly and complicated loom; a loom upon which more than twenty thousand francs had been expended. It appeared to me that the same effect might be produced by a less perplexing machinery, and I recollected having seen a model by Vaucauson, in which I thought a

principle was developed which I could apply to the desired purpose. Long thought and perseverance enabled me to produce the mechanism that bears my name. When I had succeeded, the Emperor conferred this decoration upon me, and granted me a pension of 1000 crowns.

"'But on returning to Lyons, far different was my destiny. When I endeavored to introduce my machine, the workmen broke out into open revolt. I was everywhere denounced as the enemy of the people, as the man who had been scheming the destruction of their trade, and the starvation of themselves and their families. Three plots were laid to assassinate me, and twice I had great difficulty in escaping with my life. So strong was the tide of prejudice and indignation, that my machine was ordered to be openly destroyed by the public authorities. It was broken to pieces

in the great square of the city. The iron was sold for old iron; the wood for fire-wood. Think what a shipwreck of all my hopes!

"'I did not quite lose courage. The successful competition of foreigners, and the consequent decline of trade in France, led some intelligent manufacturers, a few years after, to think of the man whose discovery might, perhaps, bring some relief to that depression under which they labored. They found strength of mind to make another experiment. It succeeded. Silks of greater beauty were introduced, at a lower cost. There was a dawn of prosperity, and it has continued to shine. Of that machine which had been devoted to ignominy and destruction, I have now seen thousands introduced, and there is now scarcely any man so blind, or so ignorant, as not to acknowledge that its introduction has been a great blessing. It has given labor to tens of

thousands, and I have had a complete recompense for all I have gone through.'

"We talked of these and other matters till the shades of coming twilight bid us depart. The happy old man is still in my memory; a striking instance of virtuous perseverance, crowned with fit reward."

GOOD-NATURE.

"If good-nature is not a virtue, it is at all events a very agreeable companion," said Arthur to George, as they were talking over the merits and demerits of one of their school-fellows.

"Good-nature is called a virtue in most books, I think," answered George; "and yet if *nature* gave a man the goodness, I do not quite see how it can be a virtue for which any merit is due to him,—for a virtue, papa has often told us, is acquired by habit, and always supposes that we make some sacrifice of present pleasure. But we will talk about it to papa and mamma when we get home."

And so they did; and Mr Howard was much gratified to find that his boys began now

habitually to discern the true characteristics of virtue; for he knew that the practice of virtue would be sure to follow the knowledge of it.

"Good-nature," he said, "is indeed a most attractive quality, but its title to the name of virtue depends, to a great extent, upon the constitutional character of the person who possesses it. It may be highly honorable to its owner, as where the influences of ill-nature have been subdued, by severe and long-continued struggles. All the good-nature that is acquired is virtue—and very meritorious virtue too,—but its exhibition can only be in words or deeds of prudence and benevolence. The result to human happiness will be the same, whether prudence or good-nature is the cause of right conduct; yet the merit of the same conduct may be very different; for in one case there may be no temptation to do wrong, no disposition to misconduct, or ill-humor. The disposition may

have been made so gentle by native temperament as not to feel any desire to give pain. In another case, the impulse may be to act amiss, and the stronger the impulse the greater will be the virtue of conquering it. I think your mamma can tell you a story in illustration of what I say."

"I have known two little girls, Grace and Julia," said Mrs Howard; "the one was the gentlest creature that nature ever formed, even from her earliest infancy,—the other as passionate and as untractable as a wolf's cub; but by virtuous effort she at last subdued her natural temper, and as she grew older became one of the most amiable and delightful of women. They were not sisters, but companions, and I have often heard of Julia's rebellious disobedience, and of the plague she was to her family, to her governess, and her school-fellows. How it happened that Grace loved Julia so well,

I can scarcely tell; for it seemed to me that Julia was constantly acting the part of a tyrant, and exacting from Grace a thousand services which she had no right to expect. Julia had her fits of generosity, and of affection, and these perhaps had won over Grace, who bore without complaint and without reproach all Julia's ill-temper. Perhaps Grace knew more of Julia's good qualities than other people knew; for in general Julia was thought to be a very disagreeable girl, whom nobody cared about; at all events, nobody cared about pleasing her.

"On one occasion, Julia had been venting her ill-humor, in the sitting-room, upon one of her junior school-fellows. Something had put Julia out of temper, which was very easily done, and so to gratify her spitefulness, she tried to snatch a book out of the hands of the younger girl, who, not surrendering it at once, was violently pushed away, and fell on her forehead, which

was much bruised by the fall. The governess heard Julia scolding, and fancying that, as usual, she was playing the despot, came into the room. Instead of apologising and expressing regret, Julia spoke impertinently to her mistress, and ran into the school-room, where she slapped the door, and locked it on the inside, in absolute defiance. She not only did this, but she put the poker in the fire, and said to herself in the midst of her passion, 'I *won't* be punished.' The governess came to the door, and required Julia to open it; she refused at first, but being apprehensive the door might be forced, she at last opened it, ran to the fire, drew out the red hot poker, which she brandished, and told the governess to come near her if she dared. You may fancy what an effect such daring insubordination as this had upon the governess. She left the school-room, and Julia there, to reflect a little upon

her violent and unladylike conduct; and soon did Julia's conscience smite her, and she was as wretched as contrition and self-condemnation could make her. She was severely punished by exclusion from that school-room where her misbehaviour had been so outrageous, and in truth the school-girls were not sorry she was kept away. They loved their governess, and were indignant at the manner in which Julia had behaved towards her. They loved the little girl whom Julia had treated so unkindly, and when the time was expired during which she was banished from the school-room, they felt no willingness to make any advances, or to say or do anything that should alleviate Julia's suffering.

"Not so, however, Grace. At the first moment which her governess allowed her, she flew to Julia's room, whom she found in tears. Grace wiped the tears away from her cheeks,

and they only streamed the more. Grace could not utter a word, but smiled; and Julia saw that her friend had been weeping too. She felt as if her stubbornness and ill-humor were melting away from her mind; and, shaking Grace by the hand, she said, 'Oh, Grace! I will *try*—indeed I will.' Grace kissed her, and led her to the school-room.

"It was a terrible struggle. Of all the girls there was not one that welcomed her. She saw some of them frowning,—others turned away from her,—several engaged in conversation, that they might appear not to notice her. Julia's heart felt heavy. Twice or thrice she was about to give way to her pride, and to say aloud that she did not care for one of them; but, in the midst of her perturbation, the little girl whose book she had snatched away, came running to her, and said kindly, 'I am glad to see you here again;' and

Julia exclaimed, 'Have you pardoned me?' in a tone so novel and so imploring, that many of the girls were moved to pity. 'Oh, yes! yes!' said the little girl; 'I have thought about you twenty and twenty times, and often have Grace and I talked about you. I am sure we shall be friends.'

"From that moment the seeds of self-control began to spring up in Julia's mind. Every day some little conquest was made; and how Grace rejoiced to find her friend gradually become all that she wished her to be! To Grace, Julia confided all her anxieties. Often and often, when she really meant to do right, when she was striving to obtain the mastery over her ill-humor, she was misunderstood; she did not get credit even for her resolutions, and for her exertions. She had been so long an object of dislike, that scarcely anybody was willing to give her any further trial. She

had been judged so often, and so often condemned, that her companions were unwilling to think she could ever be worthy of their regard. She had thus not only the difficulty of subduing her own vicious tendencies, but what appeared to her a greater difficulty, namely, to remove the prejudices against her which existed in the minds of others.

"She was not without encouragement, however: for Grace, who always felt a remarkable partiality for her—a partiality which had been proof even against all Julia's defects—a partiality which had forgiven so much unkindness, —Grace, I say, had become attached to Julia, with extraordinary affection. It is true, that Julia had not been all that Grace fancied she should have liked in the friend of her bosom, but she now found her constantly attempting to become a model of goodness; and, as Grace was disposed to do her more

than justice, towards Grace all Julia's virtues were exhibited, because they were so much appreciated, so kindly welcomed. And Grace was Julia's perpetual advocate; a favorite herself, she gradually insinuated *her* favorite into the favor of others. The friendship between Grace and Julia seemed, if that were possible, to strengthen every day. Julia felt no small portion of gratitude, mingled with her love; for on no occasion had Grace forsaken her; in the perilous moment, in that crisis when it seemed doubtful whether right or wrong would have been her choice, it was Grace who determined that the balance should incline to the side of virtue; and in the mind of Grace — gentle and good as she was — there was, perhaps, a small portion of pride in that she had been able to influence the self-willed Julia, and to make her so kind and amiable as she was now become.

"Grace and Julia are grown to womanhood; and it would not be easy to say which of them is the happier, or which the better. Each is at the head of a family; each the object of the most affectionate attachment from all around them. Their mutual friendship has never subsided, never slackened; and it seems as if it would descend to their children. Virtuous effort has done for Julia everything that natural gentleness did for Grace. If you were to speak to Grace of her own amiable temper, she would say that she had no merit at all: for that she was born without violent passions, and deserved no credit for resisting what was never a temptation; but she would break out in eloquent praises of Julia, and tell you that you might *there* study a specimen of virtue; that you might *there* see the might of good resolutions; that you might *there* learn how a perfect character was to be formed in spite of

all the tendencies and trials of an infirm nature. Ask Julia how she managed to triumph over her infirmity. She will assure you the merit was not hers; she will attribute all to Grace's gentleness and kindness. Both Grace and Julia, my children! are objects fit for imitation. Grace *was* virtuous — Julia *made herself* so."

PATIENCE UNDER CENSURE.

Pope Julius the Third ordered all the attacks upon him and his government to be laid before him. "If true," he said, "they will serve for counsel; if false, for diversion."

Arthur had met with the above passage in the course of his reading, and, as was usual with him when he found any thing remarkable recorded of any individual, he sought the name in the biographical dictionaries in his father's library, and was generally rewarded by discovering some other interesting particulars. So he turned over the pages of Lempriere, where Julius the Third is described as "a weak and narrow-minded pontiff;" and this set Arthur musing on the distinction between

saying clever things and doing wise ones; and he was too much disposed to attach little value to the opinions of a "weak minded" man.

He mentioned his meditations to Mr Howard, who told him that opinions and conduct must be cautiously separated from one another; that though opinions favorable to virtue derived great additional force from being expressed by those whose conduct was virtuous, still many valuable lessons of truth and wisdom had been given by worthless and profligate people, and that very excellent men had sometimes taught very pernicious doctrines. "If the able sayings of bad men," said Mr H., "were collected into one volume, and the foolish sayings of good men into another, it is difficult to say which volume would be the largest of the two. In the school of Pythagoras, it was enough for the pupils and disciples to exclaim: 'Ipse dixit!' *He* says so, therefore it must be

true. But this blind submission to the opinions of others has already been very much shaken, and *ipse dixitism*, as it is called, is become offensive to many minds. I hope you, Arthur, will, on all occasions, think for yourself, and especially where attempts are made to prevent your thinking. You know well enough the purposes to which thought should be applied; in all matters of right and wrong, especially, take care not to be misled, for on right decision human happiness depends; your own happiness, and the happiness of mankind. That is right, you know, which makes the world happier; that is wrong which makes the world more miserable.

"In Pope's Julius's speech there is much wisdom. Advice-taking is perhaps more difficult than advice-giving. If you are censured, do not put yourself in a passion with the censurer; do not ask his motive. His mo-

tive matters little. Either you deserve his censure, or you do not. If you deserve it, make it useful to you; the censure, instead of an evil, will become a good: if you do not deserve it, why should it trouble you? Endeavor to remove the prejudice which led to the injustice. If the injustice was intended to be malevolent, you will defeat its purpose if you can manage not to be rendered uncomfortable by it. Do not surrender your own happiness into the hands of others, by allowing them to make you miserable by unmerited imputations. If you can receive all advice *prudently*, the good advice will serve, the bad advice will not injure you.

"There was a village schoolmaster, whose name was Mr Benjamin Birch, a name that he well deserved, for he made much use of the instrument from whence his ancestral title

was derived. Being accustomed to domineer in school, he was rather fond of domineering out of it, and in the discussions that took place in the village, whether with respect to their own or to public affairs, no one laid down the law so peremptorily, no one struck the table with more violence, no one spoke in a louder and more despotic voice than Mr Benjamin Birch.

And Mr Benjamin Birch was in every respect an important and leading personage in the village, for, as there was only one school in it, he had a tyrant's monopoly. He had ruled there nearly half a century, so that almost all those who listened to his words now, had strong recollections of something, which they had experienced when boys, even harder than his hard words. Mr Benjamin Birch was still a terrible name, even among

the middle-aged people of the village, and being very little used to contradiction, he was very little able to bear it.

"One day, when Mr Benjamin Birch, after the morning business of the school, was seated, with some of his neighbors, as was the custom then, in the church porch, one Mr Thomas Truefit said to Mr Benjamin Birch, 'Do you know that Squire Stapleton came to the village to-day, and called on the Widow Wiseman?' —'You might have spared yourself the trouble, Mr Truefit,' responded Mr Benjamin Birch, 'of telling me what I knew before, and a great deal more than you could, by any possibility know, for Widow Wiseman came to tell me all that passed, and to take my opinion about it.'—'I did not know the squire had been into the village at all,' said young Walter Wildduck.—'You ought to be ashamed of your ignorance, Walter,' said Mr Benjamin

Birch, 'as I am of your impudence in confessing it.'—'I am sure I don't see any harm,' answered Walter, very submissively, 'in not knowing that the squire had been here, and I did not mean to be impudent in saying so.'—'Why that's impudence and ignorance again, and ten times worse than before,' cried Mr Benjamin Birch. 'When your betters take the trouble of telling you what is right, you must just set up your own foolish opinions. You have forgotten all the good advice I ever gave you—seed thrown among thorns; but it's just like the world; that's the sort of recompense people get for their care; it is all ingratitude!' Poor Walter was so much accustomed to be humble in the presence of Mr Benjamin Birch, that he did not answer a word; on which the schoolmaster said, 'You don't understand me, I suppose? And yet I think you might just as well have said, that

you would try to mend your manners in future.' Poor Walter, who could not see a fault, for exactly the same reason that 'the Spanish fleet could not be seen—

'Because the fleet was not in sight,'—

thought the best way to escape from Mr Benjamin Birch's persecution was to say, respectfully, 'I will, sir!' These three words restored a little Mr Benjamin Birch's complacency, as it was always a great point with him to get his authority bowed to: and as he seemed coming to tolerable humour, the clerk of the parish, Mr Ambrose Answer, who was rather a curious and inquisitive personage, thought he could coax out of Mr Benjamin Birch the subject of the squire's conversation with the Widow Wiseman. The truth was, that the squire had merely called at the widow's cottage, to inquire after her health and that

of her family; but Mr Benjamin Birch, who never lost any opportunity of exalting and glorifying himself among his neighbors, even at their expense, and would fain have had it believed that something important had passed between the squire and the widow, and that his superior judgment had been appealed to by her, in order to decide on what was to be done in consequence. The parish clerk's question very naturally ruffled Mr Benjamin Birch: as it used to be said, you must never mention hemp in the presence of a highwayman, so it is a dangerous thing to drive men in a direction which is likely to expose their contradictions, or to lower their self-sufficiency. 'There again!' growled Mr Benjamin Birch: 'I could not have thought that you Mr Ambrose, would have shown so much impertinent curiosity. Why, it was only last Sunday week that you quoted from the Psalms, "I will keep my mouth

with a bridle;" and, within the last three months you heard the Rev. Dr Doughty preach from the text "Learn in silence, with subjection."—'I beg your pardon, Mr Birch, but that was not Dr Doughty's text, for well do I remember, it was "He that hath a perverse tongue falls into mischief."' The parish clerk simply meant to correct Mr Benjamin Birch's error; but Mr Benjamin Birch fancied that Mr Ambrose Answer intended to be personal, and to insinuate that he, Mr Benjamin Birch, had a "perverse tongue." 'I see very well,' said Mr Benjamin Birch, 'that you wish to insult me, but I shall take care to thwart your purpose;' and up rose the irascible Mr Benjamin Birch, leaving his neighbors not a little perplexed by this new exhibition of his intolerance. Alas! for the boys that came under his rod that afternoon! They paid the penalties

of Mr Benjamin Birch's discomfiture, instead of Mr Ambrose Answer.

"Scenes like these, my children, are constantly occurring in the world. There are hundreds of men who, like Mr Benjamin Birch, take every occasion to exhibit a patronizing or a domineering spirit; if ever you meet with persons of such a disposition remember that it is excellent evidence of a well-trained mind, to be able to bear censures with patience. If the censures become insulting, the merit is the greater. The violent man waxes more violent when repressed resentment feeds his passion. It is impossible to resist long the influences of tranquil good-humor. I have seen it disarm, and in disarming, triumph over passion."

MERCY.

"On the 9th of April, 1832," said Mr Howard to his children, "I went to witness a sight which has been described by a French poet, as the most terrific of all exhibitions of human passions. Horror, crime, misery, recklessness, despair, levity, courage, jesting, imprecation, weeping, laughing, mockery, madness,—are all there mingled in frightful confusion. It was at the prison of Bicêtre, the departure of a hundred and sixty galley slaves for the Bagnes. The Bagnes are the prisons in the Dock-yards of Brest, Toulon, and Rochfort, where convicts are confined.

"No day could have been gloomier. It was on that very 9th of April, when the

cholera reached its utmost height at Paris, and more than 1300 persons died. The streets were half deserted, and the principal movers in them were the bearers of the ambulant biers on which the sick were conveyed to the hospitals, or the corpses to the grave. All men looked pale. The faces one had been used to associate with particular spots had disappeared. The blacking-boys had abandoned their accustomed posts. The street-sweepers had left the mud to accumulate. Of the multitudes of rag-collectors, only a few were seen to gather up the more than ordinary spoils. The music of the hand-organs had ceased, and the voice of Parisian gaiety was dumb. Well might this be, while mortality was gathering in such harvests of death! On my way to Bicêtre, I met a vehicle on which forty or fifty coffins were piled upon one another. It was close to the Hotel Dieu.

We reached Bicêtre. My companion was one of the prison authorities, who had access to every part. He asked to see a famous ruffian, who was to be guillotined the next day. He had committed several murders, and was distinguished for unusual ferocity and valor. I have seldom seen a man of a bolder and more imposing mien, than the keeper who had charge of the criminal. He wore a decoration won on the field of battle, and his walk was quite a martial strut, but he spoke of the criminal with terror. 'I don't know,' he said, 'whether you can see him without danger. He is the boldest ruffian that ever entered Bicêtre; I cannot answer that he will not strike you; he is reckless of everything.' We descended several stone steps, after closing behind us the iron gate which opened upon the damp passages leading to the dungeons of the condemned; the keeper took

hold of the heavy keys which were hanging upon his arm, and pushed one of them with great violence into the lock of the dungeon door, so as to make it shake, and the vault to resound with the terrible clanking of the keys against one another, and against the iron bindings of the door. Before us was a man extended at full length upon some straw, carelessly scattered over the wooden planks on which he lay. The moment he saw us he sprung on his legs by a single effort, and stood before us stiff and erect as a pillar, or as if suddenly petrified into marble. His eyes had the brightness and the fierceness of a vulture's, and his face was disfigured by a frightful gash which had divided his upper lip and left a deep furrow in his left cheek. His long hair was full of dust, and in his expression there was a sort of melancholy despair mingled with brutality, that I shall never forget; two

passions had been fiercely struggling for the mastery. The presence of my friend, distinguished as he was for his philanthropy, and personally known to all the inmates of the Parisian prisons, calmed the criminal by a single look—'You appear out of health,' said my companion; and the prisoner, whose pride was obviously wounded from the suspicion that his haggard and gloomy looks were the consequences of fear or cowardice, raised his right hand slowly, and, passing it over his chin, said in a solemn tone—'It is because they have not shaved me.' If any thought has predominated in my mind over other thoughts, when witnessing these exhibitions of human crime and misery, it is this—that a better education might have turned into exemplary virtues the very qualities which are here displayed in gross and flagitious crimes. The essential elements are really identical, it is but the guid-

ance of the same stream in another direction. The quality of courage, placed under the control of prudence and benevolence, may become one of the most efficient instruments of good; but the quality of courage, praised for itself alone, praised without any regard for or attention to the purposes in which it is employed, occupying the mind of the young as if it were itself an essential and primary virtue, may be made, as it too frequently is, the very groundwork of folly, vice and offence. Were courage properly estimated, how would duelling be possible? Were courage properly estimated, how could there be piracy or war? If the man whom I saw standing, as it were, at the foot of the scaffold, had had his intrepidity trained to virtuous exertion, would it not have been more wise, more just, more merciful? Perhaps a word once fitly spoken, a suggestion of his own mind, or of any one

having any influence on his early years, perhaps the infliction of a small quantity of pain when first his steps were led astray from duty, would have changed his character; he might have been the keeper instead of the criminal; the honored among men for bravery, instead of the reprobated for crime. Perhaps, in a better state of social discipline, such a man might have been called to perform some heroic service for the state, to have led some expedition for furthering the course of science and human improvement.

"Of the hundred and sixty convicts, destined for the Bagnes, there was scarcely one that might not have made a fit study for painting or poetry, for there was scarcely one in whom some mighty emotion was not exhibited in that terrible crisis of his existence. For each the link was about to be dissevered which bound him to the world; for each the struggle of hope and fear

was over, and recklessness or despair was to take charge of the fragment of existence that remained. I can only take one out of the throng; but he excited all our interest.

"The galley convicts were summoned forth, their names called over, and they were conducted into a high-walled court. From thence they were led out by twenties, each twenty forming a *chaîne*, or company, who were destined to be linked together. These twenties were registered, and seated on the ground in a line. A heavy chain was laid along, to which twenty shorter chains were attached, and at the end of each of these was an iron collar. Among the convicts was one whose demeanor was wholly different from that of the rest. He uttered no curses, he ventured upon no jokes, he said nothing to encourage or to insult the timid, nothing to approve the brave. His appearance betokened him to have been a

soldier; there was an outward calmness under suffering which was obviously endeavoring to subdue the most cruel inward agony. Yet the expression was such as makes an irresistible claim to attention. I for one, could not but inquire into his history. I did so of some of the turnkeys.

"His history they knew not. All they knew was, that his conduct in prison had been most exemplary. Whatever the crime had been for which he had been punished; they had seen nothing that looked like crime. He was docile, industrious, but most wretched. He had been well educated they were sure; he was superior in every respect to those around him. Their contamination had left him untouched. In fact, the keepers had represented his meritorious conduct, in the hope that his punishment might be commuted. They knew not why their representations had no

effect, for generally, attention was paid to them when the Commissaries of the prison reported to the Minister of Justice instances like this.

"I made my way to the convict: he was sitting in tears on the stone bench, where the party who were to compose the *chaîne* were seated in order, before they were led out to the middle of the yard to have the iron collars rivetted round their necks. On one side was a criminal who was scoffing at what he called his 'hare-heartedness;' on the other side another was exciting him to be 'a man.' Of his companions, there was one, only one I observed, who looked on him with commiseration. From the rest, obloquy, insult, mockery, brutality, was his portion. 'Tell me something of your history, my friend,' I said to him.—'O, sir! I would bear anything but this. I was born at Dijon; I belong to

a respectable family there. My parents, my brothers and sisters are living there, and we are to be marched through Dijon! O, sir! death were far better than this!'—'But what has been your offence?'—'I was a conscript; I became intoxicated; I incurred a debt of thirty sous at a cabaret; in my senseless passion I refused to pay the landlord; I even insulted him: a report was made to the Minister of War; he ordered me to be delivered over to the civil tribunal, with the expression of a desire that, for the preservation of the discipline of the army, my punishment should be most severe. And so indeed it is.'—My friend and I could not resist the desire to talk to the commissary of the prison, charged with the dispatch of the galley-slaves, about the unfortunate young convict. The commissary told us, that he himself had been interested about him, and had done all that

depended upon him to obtain some commutation of his sentence, but it had been impossible. Irregularities at the small wine-houses had increased of late among the troops, and there was a stern determination of the Minister to visit them with exemplary punishment. While we were discussing the matter, the *chaîne* were escorted to the rivetting place. One after another, we saw the iron collars fixed, the anvil was removed from convict to convict by the assistants, and the executioner with his sledge hammer rivetted the bolt. It would be too painful for me to describe, it is miserably painful to recollect, how the frame of the convict was shaken, what suffering was pourtrayed in the countenance, while the iron cravat (as they called it in their levity), was fixed round their necks. We saw them reach the young convict; whether a gleam of hope had shone upon his mind that the

interest we had expressed for him might lead to a reprieve, whether the earnestness of our appeals to the prison authorities which he had witnessed afar off, was supposed by him to be exercised in his behalf, I know not, but I had seen his imploring looks, and now the anvil was fixed behind him, the iron collar was passed over his head, and measured round his throat, he trembled like a broken twig. One heavy blow, another and another, and his doom was sealed. He had hidden his face in his hands; by and by, I saw two streams of tears flowing down upon his breast.

"We did not relax in our efforts on his behalf, and strongly urged how extreme was the measure of punishment dealt out, for an offence ordinarily visited by a very different penalty. We expressed our belief that mercy would be extended to the convict, were the facts made known, that the first application of

the severe regulations of the Minister had fallen to the lot of one, whom every circumstance recommended to lenient consideration. Our representations were seconded by several other visitors, who had been attracted by the irresistible impulse which prompts men to interfere in cases of obvious harshness. At last the commissary appeared to give way—'Will you, gentlemen, take upon you any of the responsibility?'—'All the responsibility with which you can invest us. Will an application to yourself, signed by every one present, to defer—only to defer—the execution of this young man's sentence, be sufficient? Will an engagement that the Minister, or the King himself shall be spoken to to-morrow, to interest their clemency; at least, to have this case reconsidered?'—'Well then, so be it; I will venture this much.'—A document was drawn up hastily, and hastily signed. The

chaine was led out again. The anvil placed erect, the iron collar was broken, the young man was led to a solitary bench. I dared not describe his agony when he was linked, as he thought for ever, to degradation and despair. Shall I dare attempt to describe his present feelings? Not I.

"The representations made were successful; the case was thoroughly investigated; circumstances to mitigate the original offence came out on a more rigid inquiry. The personal character of the young man was discovered, except in this instance, to have been blameless. A slight punishment superseded that of the galleys, and *mercy* assuredly never did a more honorable, or a more virtuous work."

NOBILITY OF SKIN.

"I was dining once," said Mr Howard, in allusion to the discussion on West Indian slavery, which then occupied every body's thoughts, "at the table of a distinguished American, when I happened to mention the pleasure I had received from my intercourse with one or two black men of Haiti, and the interest with which I had read an ably-conducted controversy as to the best form of government, which had been carried on in that island during the war between King Henry and President Pétion. Curiosity was expressed to know, whether I had ever sat at table with Negroes, and when I averred that I had often done so, one portion of the company *looked* incredulity, and the other *expressed* surprise.

"And why not?" I answered. "Is an intelligent black man less worthy of regard than an intelligent white?"

"I could not *bear* it," said one of the ladies present. "Black people may do for servants, but it is a degradation to make them companions."

"So then," I replied, "you have no objection to use their services—you will tolerate their presence while they labour for you, even to weariness—you will permit them to stand, but not to sit down before you?"

"But you must allow, there is something naturally disgusting about the African Blacks," said the boldest of the company. "In fact, they are a different race from ours, and have a disagreeable smell."

"The persecuted always smell disagreeably to the persecutor," I said. "There are a hundred Catholic authors, who aver that Jews

and heretics stink by nature: and, only a few months ago, a political writer endeavored to excite the inhumanity of the people of England against the poor Bavarian girls who sell brooms in the street, by abusing them as 'a stinking race.' Now, to me, the stench of persecution is, of all stenches, the most offensive."

"But you cannot deny, that the African is really a different animal from the European; he has a skull of another shape; the muscles of his legs are differently arranged."

"And suppose it were so; does the high cheek bone of a Celt make him a fit object of ill-usage from the round-cheeked Scandinavian? Or has the tall Biscayan his huge legs given him to kick his neighbors, the short-legged inhabitants of the Landes? Ask any of them, whether their head ever aches, or their limbs get ever weary, and then talk with disregard of their pleasures and their

pains. If it be not benevolence to feel for what has feeling, I know not what benevolence is."

"It was in vain to reason; it was in vain to give examples of virtues among the Africans; to give examples of intelligence; to quote books they had written, or pictures they had painted; to mention instances of the display of all the qualities which we respect and honor among the whites. Prejudice is deaf, and will not hear. Pride is blind, and will not see. But you, my children, will listen to a story or two, such as I have gathered in my own experience.

"A few years ago, a black African woman brought me a letter from the Bishop of Blois. It was he who published a work on the literature of the Africans, and who had collected a considerable library of books, written by black and woolly-haired men. He recommended

the Negress to me as a woman thoroughly instructed, and whose tale could not but gratify me. She came to me with a little boy, of whom she was the mother, and I will tell you her history in her own words:—

"'I was born in a village not a great way from the banks of the Congo river. My father was a chief in the village. He had an enemy who was a chief in another village. I was my father's only child. I was seven years old. It was the spring time, and I went into the pease-garden, and was gathering some of the white flowers. My father's enemy kidnapped me. He beat me cruelly. He stopped my mouth, to prevent my crying from being heard. He carried me first to his own village, and then to another village, and then to another. We travelled many days. I was very weary, but still we travelled. I was hungry and thirsty, but we always, always travelled. At

last we came to a larger village than I had ever seen. And there he sold me. He went away. But I saw another man give him some pieces of silver. I had heard of white people that bought black people, and carried them over the great water, and used them very cruelly. And I thought that I was going to be sold to the whites, and carried over the great water, and used very cruelly too. And so it was. But I was not alone. There were more than twenty besides me. There was not one that spoke the language of my village, but there was one poor girl, a little older than I, who spoke something like me, and I undertood her. She told me shocking things. I cried, and she cried too. Then the man who had bought us flogged us both. He gave us plenty of millet for food; and the girl told me it was that we might get fat and look healthy, and sell for more money to the wicked

white men. After some days, we all were tied to one another. We walked, and walked; O, how tired we were! At last, from the top of a hill we saw a river, a wide river. On it was a great, great boat, with many cords and strings, and fine-colored flags that the wind was blowing about. I first thought it was a comfort to see the river, for now, said I, our journey must end, and I felt as if I could walk no farther. But, then, I thought again, that the large boat must belong to the cruel white men, and was there to carry us over the great water. And I trembled. And I said to my heart, 'Never shall I see my father! never shall I see the village where I was born!' We were led to the shore, and soon there came several of the cruel white men to look at us. They pushed us from one side to another; turned us round: they would not give the money that the black

man asked. They made a great noise. They laughed aloud. It was a shocking laugh, while we were so wretched. I did not understand anything they said. The black man laughed too, and the white men laughed louder, and the chief of the white men shook a bag of silver, and there was another laugh; and the black man held up his ten fingers, and the white man shook his head, and he poured out the silver from his bag upon the sand. And he called more white men, who were his servants; and they rolled four barrels out of the great boat, and upon the four barrels they placed two muskets. But our black master again shook his head, and held up two fingers of his left hand, and pointed to the barrels, and then held up one finger, and pointed to the muskets. Then the white man nodded, and we were all delivered to the white man, and many of

the white man's servants came and made us go into the vessel.

"'What a shocking place the vessel was! Yet, while it remained in the river, we could bear it. We had food and plenty of water; and it was three weeks before we were ready to sail. Almost every day some other slaves came on board; sometimes one, sometimes two at a time, sometimes thirty or forty. But when orders were given for our sailing, our worst sufferings began. We were two hundred slaves on board. There were sixty men, forty women, and one hundred boys and girls. The men were ironed, two together. The women and girls had a part of the vessel to themselves. We could not sit upright. There was not length for us to lie down. You cannot think how hot, how filthy, how stinking was the place. Many fell sick, many died. When

we had been twenty days at sea, the black men, many of whom had been dreadfully flogged by the captain, rose, and killed the mate and two of the crew. But the captain shot the leader with his own hand, and ran another slave through the body with a sword. The rest were frightened, and gave way. Five of them were hanged. We were all called out to see the execution. Some of us could not look on. One girl, when she saw her father with a rope around his neck, jumped overboard, and was drowned. We saw the dead bodies thrown, like dead dogs, into the sea. I did not like to die, but I wished I was dead. We were several weeks at sea. We had suffered agony from thirst. The latter days we had only a quart of water between six of us. One day there was a hurricane and violent rain. Some of it came into our hatches. I saw the women lap it up from

the planks, that not a drop might be lost. I did the same. I was almost blind with pain.

"'One hundred and thirty of us reached the end of the voyage. Water was brought on board. There was a large tub full. We rushed to drink, and our heads were absolutely wedged in by our eagerness. Some broke the jugs that were brought to them, in their fury and fear that they might be wrested from their hands.

"'The following day we landed. It was at Guadaloupe. I was bought for two hundred dollars, to be a domestic slave. I was called handsome. This saved me from the slavery of the field. But I had much to endure from a cruel master and a drunken mistress. They often quarrelled about me. If my master praised, my mistress was sure to punish me. If my mistress ever said a friendly word to

me, which she did sometimes, my master kicked me, for attending more to my mistress than to him. I lived with them five or six years, every year more unhappily. But I learned to speak French. I was much better off than those who worked at the plantations.

"'There was a Spanish lady at the Point à Pitre, where I was, who one day saw me at market. She asked me my name, and who was my master. I told her. She called the next day, and said she had taken a fancy to me. She offered my master five hundred dollars for me. He could not resist the offer. I went to live with the lady. I was the happiest slave in the colony. The lady made me her companion. She taught me her language; she taught me to read and write; she gave me some books, and lent me many more. I never heard from her an unkind word. She talked to me of my native village. She made me

repeat all I remembered. She at last knew my story as well as I knew it myself. She asked me if I should like to return to Africa. She said that I might be useful to my countrymen. She spoke of humane people in France and England, who had been endeavoring to make the blacks happier at home. She had a large map of Africa, and she tried to find out exactly where I was born, and through what villages I had passed when I was stolen, and in what part of the river I was taken on board. Some of the names she mentioned seemed names I had heard in my childhood; mine was but a very confused memory of them. Four years I lived with the Spanish lady. But she was taken ill, and died. She emancipated me by her will, and left me five hundred dollars. I think of her every day. I pray to her every night.

"'Very soon after her death I married. My

husband was a freed man of color, who carried on a small trade at Basse-terre. We lived for some time in tolerable comfort. He died two years ago, and left me with the little boy you see here. He is now seven years old. I have money to carry me to Africa. I am going to return. I shall find my way to my own village. I have learnt many things, which I shall teach my own countrymen. I have been showing my boy how he may be useful to them.'

"Poor woman! I heard that she had embarked for Sierra Leone, with the design of penetrating to the district of her birth. May her steps be guided thither in safety, and may her dreams be realised! In her history are lessons of patience and patriotism, of generosity and goodness, of prudence and philanthropy. And she was a Negro woman! She was black as the wing of a raven.

"I will now tell you a story of a red man. You have heard of the Araucan Indians? They are the subject of an epic poem, in Spanish, written by Ercilla. The Spaniards were engaged with them in a long and bloody war, during which they exhibited extraordinary instances of heroism. The speech of one of their leaders, Colocolo, who settled a dispute among their chieftains for the supreme command, by conferring it on him who could lift the heaviest block of wood, has been often spoken of with admiration. It is too long to repeat now, but I hope you will read it one day or other in the original, because you will find a great many Indian virtues described in it.

"A French vessel was wrecked on the south western coast of America. Most of the crew perished: among those who escaped was a sailor of the name of Colline. He reached

the town of Santiago in a state of utter destitution. Having obtained some relief from the authorities, and finding no prospects of employment before him, he determined to explore the interior of the country, and he journeyed until he reached the foot of the Andes. He here fell in with some scattered tribes of Indians, who received him kindly, and he fixed himself among them. Their mode of life suited his adventurous spirit. Any wants that he experienced became bearable, because they were borne by others: and nothing so disposes the mind to patience and to courage as the companionship and sympathy of our fellow-men. To Colline the kindness of his red brethren was particularly welcome, for he had led a hard life at sea—a life which had been chequered with much suffering—and he was well content to exchange the hardly-earned fare and severe discipline of a vessel for the wild and wandering life of a

South American Indian. He was able to instruct them in many of the social arts. Things of common use in Europe were brilliant inventions on the mountains of America. Colline, in the course of a few months, became one of the principal personages of the Indian tribes. He was their counsellor in their disputes with others, and the arbiter in the questions which arose among themselves. After dwelling some time with the tribe (among whom his lot had first fallen) desire of farther travels again took possession of Colline's mind, and, accompanied by one of the tribe, they penetrated far into the interior of the country, and mounted high up the ridges of the Andes.

"They made their way to the habitation of a distinguished Cacique, or Indian Chief. Colline's fame had gone before him, and he met with the most hearty reception: and doubly hearty was it, because the Cacique was ill, and fancied the white stranger might bring

him relief. Colline, like most seamen, knew something of the usual treatment for maladies: such simple prescriptions as perspiration in cases of fever, gargles for sore throat, and so forth: the little he knew reckoned for much where less was known. He had learned that the rapidity of the pulse, the color of the tongue were among the symptoms by which disease might be ascertained. He had some ordinary remedies for a burn, a cut, and the common accidents of life. He prescribed for the Cacique, and had the good fortune to perceive a sensible improvement.

"The Cacique was a man highly venerated by the Indians: he was a descendant of the Peruvian Incas, and had been initiated by his forefathers into many of their religious mysteries. He was also the depository of much of their traditional history, and was looked upon as a man destined by himself or his

descendants to recover for the red men the land of their ancestors, from those who had violently possessed themselves of it. Such a man exercised great influence over the widely but thinly scattered remains of the old Peruvian people. He had visited most of the spots which they deemed sacred: he had preserved and diffused among them the names of their ancient kings, and priests, and heroes: he knew where their battles had been fought, and where their altars and temples had been raised.

"A sense of gratitude for benefits received, awakened in the Caciqué's mind the strongest affection for Colline. And as soon as Colline had sufficiently learnt the language, there was the completest communication of their thoughts and feelings to one another. One day the Cacique told Colline a most important secret —that he was the possessor of the *Quipos*,—

the famous historical records of the Peruvian nation—records said to contain the annals of the ancient Incas for three thousand years, consisting of innumerable and curiously-colored knots, which had been added by the initiated from time to time, and for the reading of which none but the Incas possessed the key. In his confidence for Colline, he exhibited to him this precious treasure. They were in a large box, on which were engraved divers allegorical stories connected with the Quipos, representing most prominently the ancient Temple of the Sun, where the old Peruvians had carried on their mysterious and costly devotions. The box had been splendidly gilded in former times; but its lustre was faded, and Colline, who had learned the art of gilding in Europe, undertook to restore it to its original beauty. He did this. Nothing could have been so acceptable to the Cacique, who watched the progress

of the work from day to day, and looked upon it with absolute ecstacy when it was completed. He then embraced Colline, and said, in the most enthusiastic language, 'Friends for ever! I will be your father now: you shall marry my daughter.'

"The Cacique had two children, whom Colline had seldom seen, though he had frequently heard among the tribe the praises of the daughter's beauty. The son was almost habitually wandering: and when he came home he always looked upon Colline with so much jealousy and suspicion that his presence was considered perilous. Even the Cacique saw him without pleasure, for his ill-humor vented itself so frequently and so passionately that his father was afraid hospitality itself would be violated by him.

"The American Indians are as implacable in their hatred as they are fervent in their friend-

ship, and no sooner had the Cacique's son heard of his father's intention towards Colline, than he endeavoured to persuade his sister Kanka to join with him in a plot for the stranger's destruction. Kanka appeared to lend a willing ear, but it was to save, and not to sacrifice Colline. She had conceived an affection for her proposed husband. He had been more in her company ever since the Cacique had spoken of his purpose, and she was full of admiration for his many, to her splendid talents and acquirements. She listened to his adventures with extreme delight. When he told her of the world that was far off over the seas—of its mighty cities—its fleets and armies—its courts and gardens—its superb edifices—the bridges upon its rivers—it roads, and the carriages rolling over them—its cultivated lands—its birds and cattle—the rich dresses of its inhabitants—she looked around

her, thinking of the contrast between all this and the bare Andean mountain where she was born. Then, sometimes the thought came across her, like a child's fancy, that Colline might take her to see all those wondrous sights, and bring her back again to her native home, to tell the Indians that she herself had seen them, and that there was no fiction, no falsehood in the story.

"The marriage took place, and with all the solemnities which are usual among the Indians. Kanka was much loved, and as the descendant of the Cacique, himself descended from the most illustrious of the Inca race, nothing was wanting to give interest to the celebration.

"But the brother was absent, and he was known to be maturing his purposes of ill-will. He had not indeed concealed his evil disposition, and when he left his father's house, —it was in the season of spring, just before the

marriage,—he publicly said: 'The flowers are on the trees, before the fruits ripen, the enemy shall be plucked from the stem.' Whither he went nobody knew. He took with him two young Indians as his companions, but did not say farewell to his father or his sister. A few days before he left, he said to Kanka—'Ill fares the pure mountain stream that mingles with a foreign puddle.' To her he had been generally kind, and never had he uttered so severe a reproach. Kanka answered, 'More proudly rolls the stream when it joins a current brighter and stronger than its own;' on which he looked at her with a look of scorn, and silently quitted her presence.

"Colline did Kanka justice. She was so tractable, so teachable, so gifted with good-nature, yet, withal, so dignified and intelligent, that he was well content to renounce the thoughts of his European home, except when sometimes

Kanka said she would accompany him thither; that they would descend the mountains together, and find some ship to convey them to the other world, and to bring them back again to the Cacique's abode. Kanka engaged Colline to adopt the Indian costume, in order that she might adorn it with her own diligent hands; and so he did, and the head-dress of plumes he wore was the most beautiful that had ever been seen among the Indian people. She winged his arrows with splendid feathers, and plaited the gay sandals which decorated his feet.

"The autumnal season came, and the menace of the brother was perpetually ringing in Kanka's ear; for the fruits were beginning to ripen, and she was sure that Colline's life was exposed to peril. The Cacique had indeed charged Kanka to watch her husband with particular attention, to accompany him

in his hunting expeditions, and to take every precaution against surprise. But precautions were in vain against the determined and exasperated hostility of the young Indian. Kanka was told one day, when at a short distance from home, accompanied by Colline, that her brother had been seen in the neighborhood, and she said to her husband—'Let us return. I will seek my brother—I will tell him how happy I am. I am sure I shall teach him to love you; for he loves me, and we shall all dwell together in peace.' Hardly had she said this ere an arrow passed by, and fixed itself quivering in her husband's right arm. He fell,—and Kanka shrieked for help. She withdrew the arrow with difficulty; she saw that it was poisoned. Colline turned deathly pale; and Kanka, hanging over him, sucked the blood from the wound. In this position she was found by the old Cacique, who then, as he

frequently did, had followed their footsteps unseen. With some difficulty they lifted Colline from the ground, and conveyed him home. It was long doubtful whether he would recover; but the prompt assistance of Kanka at the moment of attack, and her most assiduous cares and thoughtful attentions brought about his convalescence, but added to the anxieties of all.

"In less than a month another attempt was made upon Colline's life. The old Cacique, irritated by his son's misconduct, had declared he would disinherit him; and this, as may well be supposed, added fuel to the flames of the young man's vengeful passions.

"One midnight the Cacique's habitation was in a blaze. It had been set fire to by his son, who did not purpose to destroy his father and his sister, who he fancied might easily escape, while Colline confined to his bed by his wounds, would probably be the only vic-

tim. His calculations failed; they all escaped, and saved their most valuable treasures, their Quipos and their antiquities. All that happened, was to be exposed to the storm without a habitation, until they could make their way to a neighboring Indian's choza, and set about rebuilding their own. But as they had now been involved in a common danger, they felt more closely united to one another.

"Colline recovered, but his existence was made miserable by the constant plots of the young Cacique, plots in which he had now engaged other Indians, by representing to them that Colline was one of the race that had invaded, robbed, and ruined the Indian country, that had massacred their kings and priests, and taken possession of the land of their fathers. The old Cacique had been remonstrated with for harboring the intruder, and had been told, that unless Colline removed

he would inevitably be subjected to a cruel and violent death. The Cacique only asked a few days to arrange matters, and promised that Colline should quietly depart. But he engaged them by a solemn vow that they would not commit any act of outrage, and that they would prevent any from being committed for the three next suns, and with all the courage and calmness he could muster, he sought Colline and Kanka, and spoke to them thus :—

"'The old man's heart is sad, my children! and sad must be the words of his tongue. But the bitter thing must be uttered, and the bitter sorrow must be borne. If I loved Kanka well, no less have I loved Colline. He came to me a stranger. I made him a son. Love could do no more. Now we must part, and oh! that we could part as we met. It is vain to talk about what must be, what must be in

spite of all our talk. If Colline stay he is doomed to die, and Kanka would not buy his staying here at the price of his life.' Kanka had fallen on her husband's breast, uttering that she would go too; or that they would die together. But the Cacique continued:—

"'No! that cannot be. Kanka must dwell in the abode of her fathers. If she go with Colline it will be the destruction of both, or of all of us. The Indians will not hear of her departure. We will go together to the boundaries of the land, and that before sunset; for the hours are numbered on which I can answer for Colline's safety. I know not how to dismiss him. Once I had treasures, but I have none of value, save the records of my nation; I cannot trust them to the keeping of my son; I will give them to Colline; he shall deposit them in a place of safety among the white people, and in some future time

they will be found again. Come, my children! let us go forth.'

"Thus suddenly was the link broken, which bound Colline to the Indian family. His spirit was sorrowful, but he saw there was no choice, no escape. They rose together; they travelled through the night, each in turn bearing the Cacique's treasure. They reached the boundary by the following evening; it was twilight; Colline preceded his companions only a few steps; he turned round; they had disappeared. No doubt the parting word was, as the old man had said, too bitter for utterance.

"Gloomily, and alone, Colline pursued his journey. The quipo-box had been carefully slung for the convenience of carrying it. He found a basket of food, all the remains of what they had brought from the Cacique's home. After many days' travel, Colline reached

the habitation of some Spanish South Americans; he there changed his Indian dress and made his way to the capital of the Argentine republic. There he took up his abode, and there, I believe, he still remains.

"The Peruvian records are now in England."

ORDER.

One morning there was considerable perplexity. Arthur's Latin exercise book was missing, with his exercise in it. Nobody knew where it was. He did not know himself whether he had left it at school, or brought it home. Sure it was that he could not find it, and sure too, that he had the vexation of being forced to write his exercise over again, his brother having lent him his exercise book to enable him to do so.

"And thus, Arthur," said Mr Howard, after half an hour had been wasted in the fruitless search, "and thus you have caused yourself a great annoyance, which might have been prevented by a very little care."

In Mr Howard's family all such events were wont to lead to useful conversation on the various topics started. So it happened now. And order was the order of the day.

"I have seen many cases, where a wise arrangement of matters," said Mr Howard, "has given to a man of inferior industry, inferior zeal, and inferior talent, great advantage over him who possessed all these qualities in a far superior degree. In ordinary affairs, a habit of order is a source of more comfort than you would suppose could possibly depend upon, or be influenced by it. It doubles the usefulness of all the stores we possess by placing them where they are immediately at hand. The possession which cannot be called into the field when wanted, is of no more value than an estate in the moon.

"A smaller portion of knowledge, well ordered and arranged in the mind, is more

valuable than a larger portion which is in a state of confusion. No matter how costly the treasures you collect, unless they are accessible they are of little use: they may be even an incumbrance. I remember, during the Peninsular war, seeing some soldiers so overladen with pillage as to impede their march, so that they either lost their lives or fell into the hands of the enemy. 'Knowledge,' my old Philosopher Friend used to say, 'should, like any other material, be portable, without fatigue. If the workman is overburdened, no matter whether it be with rubbish, or the most useful and necessary things,—these become rubbish when they become unmanageable.'

"Marmaduke Method was a boy who made his way through the world, and established a great reputation, and died possessed of great wealth; and he owed all his success to his habits of regularity and order. He was not

remarkable for talent, not even remarkable for anything but this one circumstance; but the practice which he had adopted in early life, of 'putting everything straight,' as he called it, left much time on his hands, enabled him to enjoy many pleasures more than his companions, spared him many vexations, and brought, at last, distinction and opulence to himself and his children.

"Marmaduke was the child of very poor parents. They could afford him only a small portion of instruction, so they paid for him twopence a week at the parish school. When very young, he was observed by his mother standing on tip-toe, and endeavoring to drive a large nail into the wall with a stone he could hardly lift. She found this was to hang his hat upon, for he had been much distressed the day before by seeing his father sit down on his hat, which he had incautiously left on

the chair. From that day, however, the hat was always either on Marmaduke's head, or on the nail, or in the appointed place at school. Soon after he found the means of getting two other nails, on which he suspended his best pair of shoes, and always took care that they hung straight, for it is not more useful to put them in their right places than to put them there tidily and carefully. By and by he got a little shelf, on which the two or three small books he had were kept nice and clean. They were not soiled with dirt, nor rumpled with dogs'-ears, but spoke for themselves in favor of the attentive little boy. His clothes were coarse, but always neatly buttoned; his common shoes were old, but always clean and carefully tied. He could not bear to see any thing wrong which a little trouble would put right, so that when he was seven years old his schoolfellows gave him the nickname of Mr

Orderly, a name which he well deserved. He laughed at the boy who first called him so, and never felt an instant's annoyance when all the other boys took the hint, and called him Mr Orderly too.

"Before he was nine years old his mother died, and his father removed him from school, and obtained a place where he got sixpence a-day for cleaning knives and forks and shoes, and running such errands as were required.

"He became a favorite with the servants, since he did everything so cheerfully and well. Everybody knew where to find what Marmaduke had put away, and all his doings appeared to the greatest advantage, from the order in which he left them. His knives and forks were always arranged side by side, as bright and regular as attention could place them. If he cleaned the plate, it seemed to shine with double lustre, as one piece reflected back

the polish of the next. If he was sent on messages, he so arranged it as to go the least distance, and to employ the least possible time, by taking them all in order, which was also 'putting everything straight.' He had, in truth, a love for right lines of all sorts, and received so much pleasure from the best arrangement of things, that order, and virtue, and happiness were very much alike to him.

"He had not read the poets, nor heard the verse which says that 'Order is heaven's first law.' He did not know by what wonderful regulations suns and stars are kept in their places, seasons return, night and day succeed one another, and generation follows generation. But he had a sense, a tact, which taught him that order was beauty, and that order was wisdom, and the want of order was therefore discordant to his mind. So he naturally sought to 'put things straight,' and when he had

done so, he felt as if he had done a good deed, and one that brought with it instant recompense.

"The lady of the house where Marmaduke was had occasion to go into the kitchen one day, and saw how very nicely he had done his work. She spoke of it to her husband, who had also marked with what neatness and order Marmaduke arranged the shoes he had blacked, and the clothes he had brushed.

"The gentleman recommended Marmaduke to a neighboring chemist, and that love of order, which was quite a habit, and almost a passion with the boy, soon showed itself in the chemist's shop. Marmaduke was very careful not to disturb anything that was in place, but his anxiety to have everything straight, soon enabled him to arrange matters that had been before neglected, and great was the comfort which his master found in the

humble services of the lad. The pins, which were before scattered on the floor, were now invariably collected on a pincushion; the pens, which had been thrown about in different places, were now always found in the inkstand; the empty vials were now constantly placed in order according to their sorts and sizes, and the rags and bits of paper, which were before swept every evening out of the shop, were now collected by Marmaduke, and, by the chemist's consent, sold to the rag collector at the end of the week for a few pence, which served as pocket money for Marmaduke, and with which he began his little fortune. Every penny so collected he entered in an account book, and thus the value of money was habitually present to his mind, and as he also entered every farthing he expended, the entry being in view whenever he opened his book, served as a check

upon any improper outlay. He thus learned too by his own little affairs to keep accounts correctly, and he was at last allowed to make entries in the books of the chemist. His habits of neatness were such, that though he wrote indifferently, his love for having 'everything straight,' made his writing plain and clear. Time improved his hand, and he was soon trusted to keep the journal and the ledger of the trade.

"I need not tell you, that a boy so orderly was very attentive to his person. His coats and trowsers lasted longer than those of most boys of his age, because he was accustomed to be so careful of them. One thing he did which was of real use to the chemist. He copied into a book every prescription that came in, with its date and cost, and made a complete index of all the articles it con-

tained, and of the initials or signatures of the Physician that signed it. He thus got a great deal of medical knowledge, and was able at any time to refer to the medicine he had prepared for a particular person. One day, when he heard of a young lady who had been poisoned in consequence of a chemist's boy having sold her oxalic acid instead of Epsom salts, he had great pleasure on reflecting that since he came to the chemist's, no one mistake had been made. If you had asked him how he managed to be so fortunate, he would tell you it was by 'keeping things all straight,' and so indeed it was.

"Marmaduke grew to manhood, and he had the satisfaction of thinking that ever since the age of nine, he had provided for himself; he not only had been of no expense to his father, but he had saved thirty pounds, to which he

was now able to add ten pounds a year more, so that he now felt himself in a situation of what seemed to him independence.

"But though the chemist had never told Marmaduke how sensible he was of all the use he had been to him, and though Marmaduke never took to himself any credit, because he believed he had been only doing his duty to a kind and considerate master,—Marmaduke could not but perceive that the tone in which he was spoken to was more and more friendly; and the thought *did* sometimes pass through his mind, that he might become the master in that very shop where he had entered so poor and young a servant. And if it were ever so, I would 'put things straighter,' he said to himself, and spend some money in improving the shop's appearance, and making it more attractive to customers.

"One evening when the chemist was unwell,

and Marmaduke had been counselling him to use a prescription which had been very much praised by the customers of the shop for curing the complaint under which he was suffering, he said to Marmaduke: 'Give me your hand, boy! I have long intended to tell you how well pleased I have been with your conduct ever since you came to me. I have always admired your love of order, your thoughtfulness and prudence. You have been obedient to me, and well behaved to my customers. Now I want a little rest, and I mean to give you a part of my business, and if you conduct it well, in a few years, perhaps, I shall leave it wholly to you. You have improved it already, and will, I dare say, improve it more. By my business I have been made comfortable through life, and it has given me more means of comfort than I shall ever want. But it will be a great comfort, in addition, if

I live to see the business thrive under your care. At all events, I shall make the experiment.

"Marmaduke Method's name was soon added to the firm, and inscribed in gold letters over the door of the shop. I don't tell you with how much pride Marmaduke looked up to see the painter changing the inscription; but his pride had in it nothing that did him injury, or injured anybody else. It was realizing to himself a dream, in which he had once thought it presumptuous, almost criminal, to indulge. But now that his orderly character, and wish to set 'all things straight' had full play; the changes he introduced were such as excited everybody's attention, though nobody called them rash or improper. It was not long before the chemist's portion of profits of the business were really larger than when he had the management of it, so that without any detriment

to himself he had done Marmaduke a most important service. And this, my children! is often the case with virtuous actions. They benefit the person served, and that without any sacrifice to the virtuous person.

"At this time the infirmities of age grew upon Marmaduke's father. He had been long dependent upon his son for much of his support, and he was now taken into the house, and made of some use by 'keeping things straight'; for these words did not go out of Marmaduke's mind in his prosperity. 'I owe every thing to this,' he would repeat to the lads, of whom there were now several who received their orders from him,—'I don't give you many lessons, but I say "keep things straight."'

"The rest of Mr Marmaduke Method's history may be soon told. He married; had several children; taught them the lesson that he had found so useful; saw several of them

happily settled; and at last died full of riches and honors; and his will contained these remarkable words:—'By attention to order I rose from poverty to opulence. By it I prevented loss; by it I amassed gain. After my death, let me be put into my coffin in an orderly way; let me be carried by six orderly poor people, and followed by my friends and family in due order, to a clean, orderly, brick-walled grave; and there let me be laid down and 'placed straight,' waiting the orders of my Maker from above.'"

JUSTICE.

"Do you remember the question put forward by Mr Hume, and which, he says, he was not able to solve? A miner possesses an ingot of silver; it comes into the possession of a silversmith, without any blame on his part; he doubles its value by making it into a cup. To which of the two ought it to belong?"

"Oh!" said Arthur, "they should sell the cup, and divide the proceeds between them."

"But that is not the question now. It is what does Justice require as between the two parties, supposing one of them only was to have the cup?"

"I," said Edith, "would give the cup to

the miner; for he produced the metal, and without his labor the cup could never have been made at all; he was the first cause of its being made."

"And I," said George, "would give it to the silversmith, because the metal was worth nothing until it was turned to some use, and it was the silversmith's art and knowledge that made it useful."

"I rather agree with Edith," said Arthur; "for the miner is the more important person to be protected; the finding the material is more useful to society, than the forming it into shape. The silversmith could do nothing without the miner, but the miner supplies many trades besides the silversmith."

"Let us look a little closer into the matter, children!" said Mr Howard. "Justice, as far as it is useful, is an instrument of happiness; all its value consists in this. It is to

prevent unhappiness that we seek to prevent injustice.

"Now, which of the two would suffer least pain by being deprived of the cup? I think it would be the miner. And which would experience most pleasure in having the cup awarded to him? In my judgment it would be the silversmith; and if it be so, the question is solved.

"Justice requires rewards, when rewards are necessary to increase happiness or to prevent misery. Justice requires punishment, when punishment would add to human happiness or lessen human suffering. Where there is no mischief, there should be no punishment; when punishment will not prevent mischief or its consequences, there is no use in inflicting it. The less of punishment the better, because the less of pain the better. The rule is always the same; I repeat it to you, my

children, in a hundred ways. Judge of everything by the happiness or misery which it produces or removes. Your business in the world is to change things that are evil into things that are good, and in things that are evil to lessen the evil as much as possible.

"A rat got into a pantry, and was quietly devouring a Cheshire cheese. He was discovered by the butler, who condemned the rat to die. 'How can you treat me so *unjustly*?" said the rat. 'This house is as much mine as your master's; I was born in it and so were my forefathers. You are the intruders, and took possession against all right and *justice*. It is not *just* to let me starve, and it is very *unjust* indeed to punish me with death for indulging in a natural propensity, which is yours and your master's as well as mine.' Now what could the butler say, in reply to the rat?"

"Oh," said George, "the butler should have said that the cheese was his master's property, and that the rat was a robber, and deserved transportation at least, if not hanging."

"The rat would have liked transportation very well," said Arthur; "but when rats offend, however small the offence, they are sure of capital conviction."

"Well now, papa," responded Edith, "I don't think that *is* just. There should be some difference in the punishment of different sins, even in the case of a poor rat."

"I believe," answered Mr Howard, "that if you get no other guide than what is called *justice* in the matter, the rat would have a good chance of escape; and could *he* give a fee and a brief to a clever barrister, a pretty strong case of injustice could be made out against the butler. But the rat is here an intruder upon human enjoyment, and there

would be a loss of no small sum of pleasure if he were not dealt with by summary judgment. All that benevolence can plead for him is, that he shall be put out of existence with the least possible pain.

"A poor man owed a rich man a sum of money. It was *justly* the rich man's due; but the poor man was unable to pay the debt at the moment when the rich man claimed it. The rich man arrested the poor man, and *justice* and the laws decided that the poor man should be sent to prison, there to pay, by personal suffering, for his incapacity to discharge the debt. The rich man exacted nothing but what was strictly *just*, but his conduct was the opposite of *virtuous*.

"There is a curious phrase sometimes made use of by lawyers. 'The greatest right the greatest wrong;' which, when it means anything, means that law and justice may be the

causes of human misery, and that when they are so, they ought to be set aside.

"One day I saw a man strike another man a violent blow in the face. It would, perhaps, have been *just* to return the blow; but was it not more prudent, more benevolent, and hence more virtuous, to refrain?

"Assuredly so, in the case in question. The man who struck the blow was in a state of extreme irritation; he had lost the power of judgment by exasperation. The man who received the blow had the wisdom to avoid asking, whether *justice* required him to retaliate in the same offensive and violent way. He asked what duty, what virtue demanded, and found that they demanded forbearance. He forbore. The man who had injured him not only relented, but was overcome with sorrow. He felt that the injustice was on his side. He felt that the man whom he had struck

might justly, and even with the world's approval, have used towards him similar or greater violence. His hesitating to do so won the friendly affections of the wrong-doer. In every respect the injured man was a gainer; gainer in self-respect, on the ground of self-control; gainer in self-approval, by that recompense which prudence brings with it; gainer in the good opinion of others, by the exercise of benevolence towards the offender. Whether he acted *justly*, or not, is a consideration of little importance. He acted wisely. He acted virtuously.

"A child, for a small fault, is punished severely; and the severity of punishment leads to the child's reformation. The *injustice* of the punishment is no reason for its not being inflicted; because the punishment may be in the highest degree *prudent*, as respects the parent, and *beneficent* as regards the child.

"Justice, wherever it is an instrument of human happiness, is an excellent thing; but it is not because it is *justice*, but because it is an instrument of happiness."

The young people expressed a desire to know how they were to distinguish what is just from what is virtuous; and Mr Howard thus answered their inquiries:—

"The world calls its laws and its usages *justice*. For the most part, they are so: and in countries where instruction is spreading, they become more so every day. Whenever the object of laws is thoroughly understood, laws will be only a means to an end, and that end will be happiness. Whenever any conduct is, on the whole, useful to mankind, the question of its justice or injustice is a very needless one. For to say, that if it is just it cannot but be useful, is to make justice and usefulness the same thing, as they ought,

indeed, to be. Never, therefore, set up, nor allow any one to set up (as a rule of conduct for yourself) any standard of justice which is not wholly in conformity with that conduct which will lead to the greatest quantity of happiness. For of happiness everybody can judge, but of justice there may be a hundred dissentient opinions."

ANCIENT TIMES.

"How comes it, papa! that there is generally such a respect for ancient times?" inquired George one day, after reading a speech in which respect for the wisdom of ancestors was made a reason for not altering some foolish usage.

"It is a sad prejudice," said Mr Howard; "I once heard a man say he had no wish to appear wiser than his forefathers, and people applauded him; though had they reflected that nobody can have too much wisdom, and that it is the best part of wisdom to add to wisdom, they might have thought differently. A philosopher remarked, that the same people who are most loud in praise of past time, are

those who are always insisting on the superiority of old men over young ones. Now, ancient days are the youth of society, and the farther you go back, the younger is the human race. If there is reason for deeming old men superior in knowledge to young men, there is the same reason why the present times should be superior to the past. There is, indeed, more reason, for old men grow decrepit; but not so the race of man. Individuals decay, and their faculties are enfeebled as their experience increases, but nations communicate their experience from one generation in full mental vigor to another equally so. In morals there is a great improvement both in knowledge and practice. The effect of conduct upon human happiness is more closely watched and more accurately traced. Many actions, once held to be blameless, are now prohibited by opinion; many which were

deemed pernicious are now considered laudable.

"Never be astonished, my children! never be discouraged if you should fail to find in ancient books what the ill-advised praises of some may have taught you to expect. You will hear those whose opinions are of weight in the world, talk with awe and reverence respecting authors of antiquity, and when you turn them over in order to discover their merits, you may experience bitter disappointment. Do not despond; do not think, because you are unable to discover the extraordinary excellences, that your own faculties are necessarily in fault. It may be that the excellence you seek for is not there. Do not check your own habit of thinking because you cannot unravel the thoughts of others. Many a worthless idol has had its worshippers. Take courage, even though you can-

not understand the renowned authority. Perhaps he did not understand himself. Recollect what Epictetus said to the expositors of Chrysippus, 'You plume yourselves upon your meritorious labors. If Chrysippus had been able to tell us his own meaning, would he have needed you?'

"Journeying once in Audalusia, I reached one of the refreshing streams which are so welcome to the traveller, not only because they serve to quench his thirst, but enable him to wash in their invigorating waters. My muleteer drank, and washed his hands; but no water did he convey to his cheeks or neck. I asked him the reason. He said, 'I don't like it: I deserted from the army, because they would make me wash my face every day. My forefathers never washed their faces.'"

The next day Mr Howard and George walked together to a neighboring village. They

called at the house of one of the peasants, the door of which was opened by a string which passed through a hole, and communicated with a wooden latch inside. George inquired why the neat and ordinary iron latch was not used? 'Oh, sir!' said the woman, 'ours is rather a bad way, for the boys sometimes cut off the string, and when we are all out, there is a great fuss and trouble to open the door, and to get in; but it was so in our grandfather's time, and we don't like to change it.' The chimney was smoking, and the room was full of black dust. 'We have a shocking smoky chimney, sir, and it covers the plates, and the chairs, and the tables, with dirt.'—'But why don't you have it altered?' inquired George.—'Oh, sir, my husband and I often talk about it; but he says it was so when his father lived here, and his father's father before him; and he don't think himself wiser than his fathers.'

During the conversation the cottager came in. He had across his arm a very odd-looking and oddly-shaped sickle, which excited George Howard's curiosity. 'Thomas,' said he, (for that was the cottager's name) 'you have an ancient tool there.'—'That I have, sir. I have seen all sorts of changes and fancies, but I stick by the old friend.'—'But surely, Thomas, you cannot do so much work; you cannot reap so much corn, or get so much money, for yourself or your family, with such a sickle as this!'—'Ay, sir, that's what our younkers say; but I don't set up to be wiser than those that have gone before me.'

"There," said Mr Howard, as they left the cottage, "you have another example of the wisdom of ancestors; and yet, in this poor man's case, there may be some excuse; for habit has made all these inconveniences almost

enjoyments. He is more pleased with his fancy about resembling his forefathers than he would be with the benefits which improvements would bring to him. To others he does but little mischief: all you can say is, that he is a silly and imprudent man. But when any one prevents improvements which may benefit others, the mischief is as great as the value of the improvement. The desire of something better, whether in art, or morals, or laws, or happiness, is the source from which all that is good comes forth."

Conversations like these marked the happy days which the family of the Howards enjoyed; days made happy by the pursuit of knowledge and the practice of virtue. Of a thousand other topics they talked; and at some other time my young readers shall hear how many other questions of right and wrong were settled

among them. They shall hear, too, of other journeys to other lands, and other stories by which points of duty were explained, and the claims of morality made easier and clearer.

THE END.

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